

GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS

FEBRUARY 1948



C O N T E N T S

THE SICKLE-SHAPED WING IN ANCIENT ART, BY ILONA DEAK-EBNER.
† LUCA SIGNORELLI'S *SCHOOL OF PAN*, BY ROBERT EISLER. † THE GREAT-
NESS OF TURNER, BY C. H. COLLINS BAKER. † FELIX FENEON (II), BY
JOHN REWALD. † BIBLIOGRAPHY.

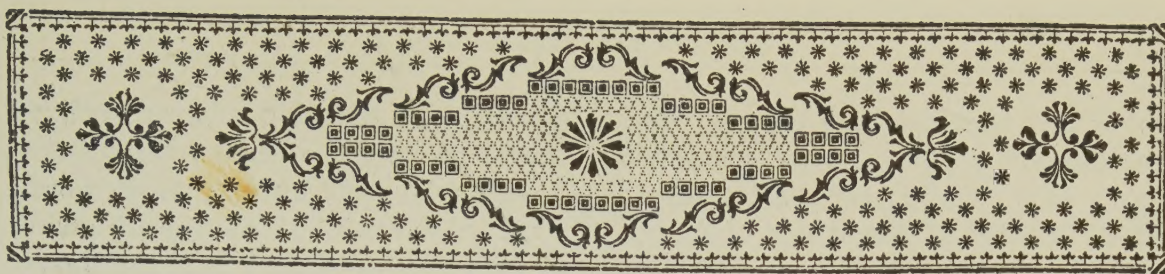
GEORGES WILDENSTEIN, *Editor and Publisher* Founded 1859, by CHARLES BLANC
NEW YORK—NINETEEN EAST SIXTY-FOURTH STREET

COUNCIL OF THE GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS

DR. JUAN CARLOS AHUMADA, President of the Society of Friends of the Museum of Buenos Aires;
JEAN ALAZARD, Director, Museum of Fine Arts, Algiers;
LEIGH ASHTON, Director, Victoria and Albert Museum, London;
ALFRED H. BARR, JR., Director of Research, Museum of Modern Art, New York;
BERNARD BERENSON;

THOMAS BODKIN, Director, Barber Institute of Fine Arts, Birmingham, England;
J. PUIG i CADAFALECH, Professor, Barcelona University, Barcelona;
F. J. SANCHEZ CANTON, Director, Prado Museum, Madrid;
JULIEN CAIN, Director of French Libraries, General Administrator, Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris;
FREDERICK MORTIMER CLAPP, Director, The Frick Collection, New York;
SIR KENNETH CLARK, Former Director of the National Gallery, London;
W. G. CONSTABLE, Curator, Department of Paintings, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.;
WALTER W. S. COOK, Director, Institute of Fine Arts, New York University, New York;
WILLIAM B. DINSMOOR, Professor & Executive Officer, Dept. of Fine Arts, Columbia Univ., N.Y.;
GEORGE H. EDGELL, Director of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Mass.;
MRS. ELENA SANSINEA DE ELIZALDE, President, Society of Friends of Art, Buenos Aires;
DAVID E. FINLEY, Director of the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.;
EDWARD W. FORBES, Former Director, Fogg Museum of Art, Cambridge, Mass.;
HELEN C. FRICK, Director, Frick Art Reference Library, New York;
MAX J. FRIEDLANDER, Former Director of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin;
PAUL GANZ, Professor at the Basle University, Switzerland;
AXEL GAUFFIN, Honorary Superintendent of the National Museum, Stockholm;
BLAKE-MORE GODWIN, Director, Toledo Museum of Art, Toledo, Ohio;
GUSTAV GLUCK, Former Director of the Museum of Fine Arts of Vienna, Austria;
BELLE DA COSTA GREENE, Director, The Pierpont Morgan Library, New York;
PHILIP HENDY, Director, National Gallery, London;
FISKE KIMBALL, Director, Philadelphia Museum of Art, Philadelphia, Pa.;
SIR ERIC MAC LAGAN, Former Director, Victoria and Albert Museum, London;
JACQUES MARITAIN, French Ambassador to the Vatican, Rome;
EVERETT V. MEEKS, Dean, School of the Fine Arts, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.;
B. MIRKINE-GUETZEVITCH, President, Société d'Histoire de la Révolution Française, N. Y.;
C. R. MORLEY, Professor, Dept. of Art and Archaeology, Princeton University, Princeton, N. J.;
DUNCAN PHILLIPS, Director, Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, D. C.;
LEO VAN PUYVELDE, Honorary Director of the Royal Museums of Fine Arts of Belgium;
DANIEL CATTON RICH, Director of Fine Arts, The Art Institute of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.;
JOHNNY ROOSVAL, Director of the Institute of Fine Arts of Stockholm;
M. ROSTOVTZEFF, Professor, Department of Classics, Yale University, New Haven, Conn.;
PAUL J. SACHS, Professor, Harvard University, Former Assist. Dir., Fogg Museum, Cambridge;
REYNALDO DOS SANTOS, President of the Academy of Fine Arts of Portugal;
FRANCIS H. TAYLOR, Director, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York;
W. R. VALENTINER, Director-Consultant of the Los Angeles County Museum, Los Angeles;
JOHN WALKER, Chief Curator, National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.;
ERIC WETTERGREN, Superintendent of the National Museum, Stockholm;
SIR ROBERT WITT, President of the National Art Collections' Fund, London.

GEORGES WILDENSTEIN, Editor and Publisher;
ASSIA R. VISSON, Managing Editor and Secretary to the Council;
MIRIAM PEREIRE, Circulation Manager.



THE SICKLE-SHAPED WING IN ANCIENT ART

FROM the beginning of time earthbound humanity longed to possess wings and soar toward the skies. Daedalus, the myth tells us, constructed wings for himself and his son Icarus to get away from the enforced hospitality of King Minos. Leonardo da Vinci, possessed by the ever-curious Renaissance spirit, experimented in making huge bat wings, but in trying to use them his servant, like Icarus, came to grief. In our own day man-made planes destroy their makers.

God did not give humanity wings to fly with, so humanity bestowed them on

* All the drawings illustrating this article are by the author.

the divine. Art has been the ever-ready inventor who, scorning science, realized the esthetic possibilities by which wings might transform a plain human being into a deity. While Aristotle declares that for men who stand upright wings would be as "useless as the wings of Cupids we see in pictures . . . but nature makes nothing unnatural," Archermus, Paeonius, and the creator of the *Victory of Samothrace* made the presumed unnatural sublime.

We first meet with wings attached to the human form in the art of ancient Mesopotamia and Egypt. The Greek world accepted them, though somewhat hesitantly at the beginning. Toward the end of Hellenistic times, however, they became increasingly abundant. In the meantime winged figures were adopted by the Romans along with the rest of Greek civilization and they finally entered Christian art and thought as the Angel, the messenger of God, intermediary between man and the Divinity.

It is the purpose of the present study to inquire into the problem of the origin of the sickle-shaped archaic wings which adorn the early Greek figures of Artemis from the VIII Century on, and are taken over by later archaic winged figures as well.

One of the earliest artistic representations of a human figure with wings¹ comes from Babylonia and is dated some time between 1800 and 1500 B. C. (Fig. 1). The wings adorn a mother goddess type. It has been suggested by Mrs. Van Buren² that she might be Ishtar, the Goddess-Owl as she is called in some ancient Babylonian religious texts. A poetic New Year Liturgy of Ishtar, the *Venus Star*, reads: "My queen unto the vault of heaven joyfully wings like a bird . . . Queen [of heaven], who puts on the garment of heaven, who rises in the sky valiantly, over the sky she flies."³

On her head the goddess wears the typical Babylonian horn-crown with a lunar disc. The fact that she stands on lions and is flanked by birds may be a sign of her sovereignty over the inhabitants of the air and the creatures of the earth. The combination of the wings and feet of a bird with an otherwise human figure emphasizes her supernatural power of being anywhere at any time.

While the Babylonian goddess *Ishtar* is the oldest representative in Mesopotamia, the goddesses *Isis* and *Nephthys* are the most ancient winged human figures in Egypt (Figs. 2 and 3).⁴ With more logic than his contemporary Mesopotamian or subsequent European colleagues, the Egyptian artist attached the wings to the arms of his figures. He did not create a fifth and sixth limb, which, while undoubtedly decorative, are absurd, but made the feathers grow out from

1. Now in the Collection of Mr. Sydney Burney, London.

2. E. DOUGLAS VAN BUREN, *A Further Note on the Terra-Cotta Relief*, referring to: D. OPITZ, *Die vogelfüssige Göttin auf den Löwen*, in: *Archiv für Orientforschung*, XI-XII, 1937, 5/6, pp. 350-357.

3. Quoted from MRS. VAN BUREN, *Ibid.*, p. 356, n. 20.

4. See: G. PERROT, CH. CHAPIEZ, *Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité*, I, *Egypt*, pp. 800-801.



FIG. 1. — Babylonian Art, 1800-1500 B.C. — Clay Tablet with Winged Figure. — Sydney Burney Collection, London.



FIG. 2. — Egyptian Art, 1500 B.C. — Goddess Nephthys (?), funerary painting. — Thebes.

out from the region of the waist, as on a Zencirli relief representing a bird-headed human figure (Fig. 4).⁵ The wings of this *Daemon* are of the most primitive type, consisting of two rows of scallop-like remiges which curve slightly upward and fill out the space below the arms, which are extended in the attitude of prayer. On a slab from Carchemish there are two similar figures in the same pose (Fig. 5). Their wings, however, grew downward from the waist.⁶ Moortgat suggests that their arms, extended above their heads, were supposed to hold up the winged sun globe.

In the British Museum⁷ there is a boundary stone from the XII Century B.C., displaying a peculiar female genius with wings reminding one of the Egyptian kind (Fig. 6). She has strangely intertwined legs, but her wings, which seem to be attached to the back of her arms, have the same rigidity as those of

the upper and lower arm of the goddesses. These wings usually consist of one or two distal rows of long feathers (remiges) and a scale-like pattern above these, indicating the short feathers (coverts). It is a representation based on nature with the rigid elegance of design that is characteristic of Egypt.

While there is considerable uniformity in the wing types of Egypt, Western Asia has a great variety. The wing pattern itself is fairly naturalistic, usually with short coverts and two rows of remiges. But because considerations of decorative design play such a great role, the wing forms are subordinated to the requirements of composition. They can be hanging down capelike from behind the shoulder of the god or *daemon*, as in the Babylonian figure (Fig. 1). They may grow

5. A. MOORTGAT, *Die Bildende Kunst des Alten Orient und die Bergvölker*, Berlin, 1932, p. 40, pl. XIII.

6. *Ibid.*, p. 40, pl. XIV.

7. M. JASTROW, *Bildermappe zur Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens*, Giessen, 1912, fig. 35.

the Egyptian goddesses. In proportion to the figure, however, they are smaller than the Egyptian wings. A goddess with similarly twisted legs appears on one of the seal cylinders discussed by Ward (Fig. 7).⁸ In this case the wings are hanging down, balancing her uplifted arms in the composition. It is, therefore, possible that in the preceding case also they are not meant actually to be attached to the arms.

Especially interesting are the winged figures found by Oppenheim at Tell Halâf, namely, the orthostates with the four-winged god and the six-winged goddess.⁹ One of the latter kind is now in the Walters Art Gallery in Baltimore (Fig. 8).¹⁰ All three pairs of wings of the goddess are of the usual stylized bird wing type. Two wings grow upward from her shoulders, two extend horizontally below her arms, springing from the hips, and two grow downward, also from the hips. In Oppenheim's opinion, these figures might have been the model of Isaiah's seraphim, as he in his vision saw the Lord sitting on His throne. "Above it stood the seraphim; each one had six wings; with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."¹¹

Four-winged genii are common in Assyrian art. Some have human heads, others have bird heads. They are often represented as the benevolent fertilizers of the life-giving date palm (Fig. 9).¹²

The date palm is an especially important plant in the economy of Mesopotamia. Besides the delectable fruit, processed dates serve as bread



FIG. 3. — Egyptian Art, 1500 B.C. — Goddess Isis (?), funerary painting. — Thebes.

8. M. H. WARD, *The Seal Cylinders of Western Asia*, Washington, D. C., 1910, p. 305, fig. 955.

9. M. VON OPPENHEIM, *Der Tell Halâf*, Leipzig, 1931, pl. XXXII.

10. Walters Art Gallery, No. 27.15.

11. *Isaiah*, 6, 2.

12. G. PERROT, CH. CHAPIER, *A History of Art in Chaldea and Assyria*, New York, 1884, fig. 36.

and wine for the population.

The wings of Western Asia are not rigid like most of the Egyptian wings. They are often slightly curved to fit artistically into the space they are to occupy in the design. But in no case, either here or in Egypt, do they show the fully curved archaic wing type used in Greece. It is true that such wings occur in Achaemenian Persian art but it is well known that Greek influence in Persia by that time was very strong indeed.

The earliest Greek representation of a human figure adorned with wings is that of the archaic Artemis. Between the VIII and VI Centuries Artemis is conceived as a "Mother Goddess." She is



FIG. 4. — Hittite Art, 1000 B.C. — Bird-Headed Human Figure, relief found in Zencirli, Northern Mesopotamia. — Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin.

represented holding birds, lions or leopards in her grip. She cares for the welfare of plants and animals and she brings about new life and death. Homer calls her "Queen of the Beasts."¹³ Aeschylus writes about her: "O Beauteous One, thou art so gracious to the tender whelps of fierce lions, and takest delight in the suckling young of every wild creature, that roves the field . . ."¹⁴ There are several representations of the winged Artemis among the excavated material of the sanctuary of Artemis Orthia in Sparta,¹⁵ dated by Dawkins in the VIII Century.

An ivory plaque, with a bronze fibula riveted to it, showing it was used as a brooch (Fig. 10), represents the goddess dressed in what might be an embroidered Doric *peplos*. She holds two birds by the neck.¹⁶ Her wings cover her body from the waist up. This

Artemis type might be of Minoan origin. Minoan art often represented a Mother Goddess with extended arms, holding snakes or swans in her hands. A bead seal from Mycenae shows a goddess with what seems to us to be a pair of wings (Fig. 11). Sir Arthur Evans¹⁷ explains the wings to be sacral knots which are

¹³ *Iliad*, XXI, 470.

¹⁴ AESCHYLUS, *Agamemnon*, 140-143.

¹⁵ R. M. DAWKINS, *Artemis Orthia*, London, 1929.

¹⁶ *Ibid.*, pl. XCI.

¹⁷ SIR A. EVANS, *The Palace of Minos*, London, 1921, II, p. 341.



FIG. 5. — Hittite Art, about 1000 B.C. — Slab with Two Bird-Headed Human Figures, found in Carchemish, Northern Mesopotamia. — *In situ*.

floating in the air from the shoulders of the goddess. He calls attention to the possibility that the type of the goddess on the bead seal may serve as a link between the Minoan representation of the goddess and the Artemis figures found among the votive offerings at Sparta. The fact that the same pattern with which the side seam of the Spartan Artemis' garment is adorned forms a band across her wings might indicate that the wings

were derived from a scarf (the "sacral knot") floating above her shoulders. It is true that the same design also appears on the wings of the birds which Artemis holds by the neck.

Another ivory plaque from Sparta (Fig. 12) seems to be of finer workmanship. It shows the goddess with a bird and a lion. Her wings encircle her head in a graceful curve. It is tempting to see in them the first precursor of the sickle-shaped wing. These ivories were dated by R. M. Dawkins in the beginning of the VIII Century B.C. There is no model in nature for this purely decorative wing type, curving gently upward, often encircling the head of Artemis, and later used also on the figures of Medusa, on her sisters, the Gorgons, and on the archaic Nike and Eros



FIG. 6. — Babylonian Art, XII Century B.C. — Boundary Stone with a Female Winged Genius, found in Mesopotamia. — British Museum, London.



FIG. 7. — Unclassified, Syro-Hittite Art (?). — Seal Cylinder with Goddess with Twisted Legs. — Hermitage, Leningrad.

a bird. Both figures have wings which are similar to the fully developed sickle-shaped wings of the archaic Greek type. These ivories were dated in the latter part of the VIII Century. However, these are the only two instances of winged figures in Ephesus. The majority of the Ephesian cult statuettes are not winged. If one compares the feathered, naturalistic wings of the Near East with the wings of the ivories of Sparta or Ephesus mentioned above, one can readily see that they were not the ones inspiring the archaic Greek artist. Other early examples of this type of Artemis with sickle-shaped wings were found in Olympia, a colony of Sparta, Thebes, Delphi, Corinth and various other places where the type of pottery called Corinthian ware was made or to

representations. Fully developed archaic Greek art used it especially as tectonic decoration, but there are several examples where it is employed on sculpture in the round.

Two ivories, representing Artemis, were found in the excavations of the Ephesian Artemisia.¹⁸ One of them (Fig. 14) is the fragment of an ivory fibula plate. Artemis holds two lions by the tail. Her garment has many folds, reminding us of a sheer Ionic chiton. Her head and left arm and the hind part of one of the lions are broken off. The other is an ivory seal (Fig. 15), probably part of a signet ring. Artemis is flanked by two objects, probably a snake and



FIG. 8. — Hittite Art, about 1000 B.C. — Six-Winged Goddess found at Tell Halâf, Mesopotamia. — Walters Art Gallery, Baltimore, Md.

18. D. G. HOGARTH, *The Archaic Artemisia, British Museum Excavations at Ephesus*, London, 1908, pp. 166-168, figs. XXVI-6 and XXVII-6a.



FIG. 9. — Assyrian Art, VII Century B.C., from Khorsabad. — Four-Winged Genius as Fertilizer of the Life-Giving Date-Palm. — Louvre, Paris.



FIG. 10. — Archaic Greek Art, VIII Century. — Goddess with a Doric *Peplos*, ivory plaque from Sparta. — Sparta Museum.

through Ionia, Ionian artists did nothing toward the development or the popularization of the Gorgon type. This theory is interesting especially because the winged



FIG. 11. — Mycenaean Art, about 1000 B.C. — Goddess with Sacral Knots, on a bead seal from Mycenae.

which it was exported. Only in the late VII and VI Centuries do we find examples from the Aegean islands. Except for the Ephesian ivories the sickle-shaped wings found in Asia Minor are of later date.

Payne¹⁹ claims that the type of the fully developed archaic Gorgon came from Corinth. He thinks that, although the original stimulus from the Orient may or may not have come



FIG. 12. — Archaic Greek Art, VIII Century. — Goddess with a Bird and a Lion, ivory plaque from Sparta. — Sparta Museum.

bodies of the Gorgons are so obviously derived from the winged Artemis as "Queen of the Beasts." A good example of the transition is the Camirus pinax in the British Museum (Fig. 13).²⁰ The four-winged Gorgon grips two water fowl, reminding one of the

19. H. PAYNE, *Necrocorinthia*, Oxford, 1931, p. 86.

20. See: "Journal of Hellenic Studies," VI, 1885, pl. LIX.



FIG. 13. — Archaic Greek Art, VII Century. — Pinax found in Camirus. — British Museum, London.



FIG. 14. — Archaic Greek Art, Late VIII Century B.C. — Artemis Holding two Lions by the Tail, fragment of an ivory fibula plate, from Excavations of the Ephesian Artemisia by the British Museum. — Chinli Kiosk, Turkey.

Artemis on the Spartan ivories. The first winged Gorgons date from the VII Century. They are, therefore, a century later than the earliest of the Spartan Artemis figures. If the theory of their development on the Greek mainland is correct, it would seem obvious that the models for the wings of the Gorgons were the wings of the already popular Artemis.

It seems reasonable to draw the tentative conclusion that the archaic Greek type of the sickle-shaped wing originated in the Peloponnesus. One can easily explain the Ephesian ivories by assuming that the artist who worked for the Ephesian sanctuary was familiar with the Peloponnesian Artemis Orthia figures and copied them freely, just as the New York fashion designers have sometimes copied Parisian models of the "*haute couture*."

ILONA DEAK-EBNER.



FIG. 15. — Archaic Greek Art, Late VIII Century B.C. — Artemis Flanked by a Snake and a Bird (?), ivory seal, probably part of a signet ring, from excavations of the Ephesian Artemisia by the British Museum. — Chinli Kiosk, Turkey.



LUCA SIGNORELLI'S *SCHOOL OF PAN*

*Homo Sum Et Nil Humani
A Me Alienum Puto*

TERENCE, *Heautontimoroumenos*, I, 77.

THE beautiful picture of "some nude gods on a canvas painted for Lorenzo de Medici"¹ (†1492) by Luca da Cortona, better known as Luca

1. VASARI, *Vita di Luca Signorelli*, ED. Firenze, 1550, vol. II, p. 522; vol. VI, p. 359; ED. MILANESI, 1809; VASARI-LEMONNIER, vol. VI, p. 141; vol. III, p. 689; ED. MILANESI, Firenze, 1875: "dipinse a Lorenzo de' Medici in una tela alcuni dei ignudi che li furono molto commendati."

Signorelli (about 1442-1524), once in the Villa Medici at Careggi,² then in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum of Berlin,³ is too familiar to all connoisseurs of Renaissance art⁴ to need more than a small half-tone block (Fig. 1) in order to remind our readers of the subject-matter presented by the artist.

Nobody seems to know, however, why the picture was called by those who sold it, the *School of Pan*,⁵ nor why the Trustees or rather Sir Frederic Burton, Director of the National Gallery, refused to buy it⁶ when it was offered to them before

2. MAUD CRUTTWELL, *Luca Signorelli*, London, 1899, p. 42: "... had an eventful history. About thirty years ago it was found by the late Signor Tricca, a noted restorer of pictures, in the attics of the Palazzo Corsi at Florence (near San Gaetano). He hesitated at first to recognize it certainly as the work of Signorelli, for all the figures were covered from head to foot with draperies of obviously XVIII Century painting. On trial, however, he found that these were easily removed and as the nude figures were revealed he at once identified it as the picture of the nude gods mentioned by VASARI" (see footnote 1); p. 43: "It seems that it had passed into the possession of the Rinuccini family as part of the dowry of one of the Medici and on the marriage of one of the Rinuccini ladies with a Marchese Corsi again formed part of the bride's portion. Soon after its discovery and restoration the Marchese Corsi died and his brother Cardinal (Cosimo) Corsi inherited the property. Objecting to the picture on account of the nude figures he desired Signor Tricca to sell it and it was then bought by Mr. H. J. Ross who offered it to the British National Gallery. On the refusal of the authorities to purchase it, it was acquired in 1873 by Dr. Bode of the Berlin Museums of which it is one of the greatest treasures. I am indebted for the above facts to Mr. H. J. Ross of Poggio Gherardo, Florence, the original purchaser of the picture." The real tragedy of this unfortunate decision is that it has ultimately caused the destruction of this priceless treasure. While the paintings of the National Gallery, sheltered in their Welsh hiding-place, have fortunately survived the bombardment of London, the Germans hid the Signorelli with many other works of Italian art in the bombproof Berlin *Funkturm*. When the Russians stormed the entrance to this massive structure — which the Allies have now tried in vain to blow up with 50,000 kgs of trinitrotoluol — they set fire to the interior to smoke out the garrison, thus burning all the pictures stored there and melting Bode's unique collection of Italian small bronzes. A British officer who reached the spot soon afterwards, and handled what remained from the conflagration, gave me this sad, but entirely reliable information.

3. According to the Berlin catalogue, *Kgl. Museum, Gemälde Gallerie, Verzeichnis der während des Umbaus ausgestellten Gemälde* by DR. JULIUS MEYER, Director and DR. WILHELM BODE, Assist. Dir., Berlin, 1878, No. 79-A, pp. 364 ff., the picture was acquired in 1873 from the Marchese Stufa of Florence (see footnote 6). In 1687 it is mentioned in an inventory of the Palazzo Pitti (DUSSLER, *Op. cit.*, note 4, p. 202).

4. It was painted, as VASARI says, on canvas, 193 cm. high, 257 cm. broad. Half-tone reprod. in *Staatliche Museen, Berlin, Die Gemälde Gallerie, 300 Abb.*, Berlin, 1930, p. 123; DUSSLER (*Klassiker der Kunst*), vol. 34 (1927), p. 59; CROWE AND CAVALCASELLE, vol. V, ed. TANCRED BORENIUS, London, 1914, facing p. 86; ANDRÉ MICHEL, *Histoire de l'Art*, vol. IV, p. 291, fig. 202; A. VENTURI, *Storia dell'Arte Italiana*, VII, 2, p. 268; *Piccola Collezione d'Arte*, No. 14, *Luca Signorelli*, Florence, 1921, p. 13. BERNARD BERENSON, *Die mittelital. Maler der Renaissance*, transl. by ROBERT WEST, Munich, 1925, fig. 23 to pp. 129 f.; "Zeitschrift für bild. Kunst," vol. II, 1867, p. 278; *Masters in Art*, No. 171 (Baltimore) *Luca Signorelli*, pl. I; photograph by HANFSTÄNGL, Berlin.

5. MAUD CRUTTWELL, *Op. cit.*, pp. 41 sq. See also: ROGER FRY, in: "Monthly Review," Dec. 1901, p. 110; CROWE AND CAVALCASELLE, *Op. cit.*, p. 87. I do not know why SALOMON REINACH, *Répertoire des Peintures*, vol. VI, p. 247, translates *La Scuola del dio Pane* by "l'Education de Pan." He may have remembered Correggio's *Education of Cupid* in the National Gallery bought by Emperor Rudolf II from the sculptor Leone Leoni, which shows Cupid between his mother Venus, and Mercury who is, according to a passage in CICERO's *De Natura Deorum*, (lib. III, ch. XXIII, p. 60 ED. RACKHAM, *Loeb Class. Libr.*, pp. 342 sq.) often quoted by Renaissance scholars (e.g. MARIO EQUICOLA, *Libro di Natura d'Amore*, new ED. LODOV. DOLCE, Venice, 1554, p. 37, after BOCCACCIO's *Genealogia Deorum*), the father of Cupid. He is teaching the little god of Love to read so as to be able to deal with love-letters.

6. ROGER FRY, *Op. cit.*, says: "It was originally offered to the trustees of the National Gallery and rejected by them with that discrimination of, and distaste for great masterpieces which have so frequently been displayed by that body even in more recent years." MISS CRUTTWELL, *Op. cit.*, is equally scathing in her account of this "unfortunately typical transaction." SIR KENNETH CLARK kindly informed me (March 29, 1943) that "the Signorelli was not shown to the Trustees but to the Director, Sir Frederic Burton, by Count [read Marchese] della Stufa in Florence (who seems to have bought it from H. J. Ross). Burton looked at the picture throughout luncheon and then said 'it's very nude!' The price asked was £ 300. All this I was told by Mrs. Ross who was present at the luncheon." But surely, even at that time there were other, equally or even more "nude" pictures in the National Gallery. The reader will notice that the reclining youth is decently veiled with vine-leaves, the two oldsters with hairy goat-skins, one

(Continued on following page)



FIG. 1. — LUCA SIGNORELLI. — School of Pan. — Formerly Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin.

being shown to Wilhelm Bode who acquired it without a moment's hesitation for the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin. I think that the explanation of the traditional title will equally account for the exclusion of this undoubted masterpiece from the precincts of the National Gallery by this mid-Victorian committee to whom the subject-matter of the picture had most probably been explained by the owner — who did not realize that he was thereby spoiling his chances.⁷

The principal figures have, of course, been recognized without any difficulty by Miss Crutwell, William Michael Rossetti⁸ and Roger Fry,^{8a} as well as by the German scholars, H. Lücke⁹ and Robert Vischer.¹⁰

of the females in the background with her *chiton*. The other female and the flute playing youth are turning their back on the spectator. Even an uncommonly prudish spectator could not be "shocked" but by the complete but perfectly chaste and marmoreal nudity of the standing nymph about to blow the flute. The rejection is even more in need of an explanation since VASARI's report of the many contemporary "commendations" of the picture and Lorenzo de' Medici's judgment would have seemed to be a sufficient guarantee of its artistic merits.

7. The name *School of Pan* never appears in any Berlin catalogue or in any of the German books on Signorelli. It would seem that—enlightened by his London experience—the seller henceforth kept his wisdom to himself. See MAUD CRUTTWELL, *Op. cit.*, p. 41 sq.: "Sometimes called 'the School of Pan,' it is more poetically [!] described in the German catalogue: 'Pan as God of Natural Life and Master of Music with his attendants.'"

8. *Encyclopedia Britannica*, 11th ED., vol. XXV, p. 81.

8B. See footnote 5.

9. *Die neuen Erwerbungen der Berliner Gemäldegalerie*, "Zeitschrift für bild. Kunst," IX, 1874, p. 410. *Ibid.*, II, 1867, p. 278, the line-engraving from the first edition of CROWE AND CAVALCASELLE.

10. *Luca Signorelli*, Leipzig, 1879, p. 239.

In order to explain the central figure Lücke¹¹ quoted, without reproducing it, the description of the god Pan in Boccaccio's *Genealogia Deorum*,¹² and printed a passage from the appendix of Sannazaro's *'Arcadia'*¹³ on the *Santo Pan*. Vischer, who says he could not find this passage, quoted another from the same poet¹⁴ and the chapter on Pan in the *Imagini* of the Ferrarese mythologist Cartari¹⁵ — too late an author, anyhow, to have been read by Signorelli or his patron. None of the German scholars was aware of the description most closely corresponding to Signorelli's *Pan* in Eusebius' *Evangelical Praeparation*.¹⁶

Roger Fry finally adduced a passage from the Neo-Platonist Macrobius¹⁷ quoted already in Boccaccio's *Genealogy of the Gods*, and another from Servius, commenting upon Virgil's second eclogue.¹⁸ This passage and those quoted before

11. *Op. cit.*, p. 413.

12. *Lib. I*, ch. IV: 'De Pane secundo Demogorgonis filio. De quo talem Theodontius recitat fabulam. Dicit nam cum verbis irritasse Cupidinem et inito cum eo certamine superatum et victoris iussu Syringam nympham Archadem adamasse, quae cum Satyro ante lusisset eius etiam spreuit coniugium. Pan autem cum illam urgente amore fugientem sequeretur, contigit ut ipsa a Ladone fluvio impedita consisteret et nympharum auxilium precibus imploraret: quarum opere factum est ut in palustres calamos verteretur. Quos cum Pan motu ventorum sensisset dum invicem colliderentur esse canores, tam affectione puellae a se dilectae quam delectatione soni promotus calamos libens assumpsit et ex eis septem disparibus factis fistulam, ut aiunt, composuit eaque primus cecinit ut etiam testari videtur Virgilius' (below note 18). 'Huius praeterea poetae et alii insignes viri mirabilem describere figuram. Nam ut Rabanus in libro 'de origine rerum' ait: Is ante alia fronti habet infixam cornua in caelum tendentia . . . et loco pallii pellem distinctam maculis quam nebridem vocavere prisci et in manu virgam atque septem calamorum fistulam. Praeterea inferioribus membris hirsutum atque hispidum dicit et pedes habere caprae et, ut addit Virgilius, purpuream faciem . . . poterimus dicere syringam esse caelorum seu sphaerarum melodiam: quae, ut Pythagorae placuit, ex variis inter se motibus circularum sphaerarum conficiebatur seu conficitur. . . . Restat videre quid sensisse potuerint (prisci) circa Panis imaginem: in qua ego arbitror veteres universae naturae corpus tam sic agentium quam patientium rerum voluisse describere; ut puta sentientes per cornua in coelum tendentia supercaelestium corporum demonstrationem quam duplici modo percipimus arte. Si quidem discursus siderum investigantes cognoscimus . . . per ignitam autem eius faciem ignis elementum cui annexum aerem volvere sumendum reor . . . Eum autem maculosa tectum describere; ut per illam ostenderetur octavae sphaerae mirabilis pulchritudo crebro stellarum fulgore depicto qua quidem sphaera sicut pallio tegitur homo.' BOCCACCIO ends up by quoting from MACROBIUS the solar interpretation of the god (below note 17).

13. 'Pan è dio de' pastori e si forma in simiglianza della natura. Egli ha le corna simili a' raggi del sole e della luna. Ha una stella nel petto' . . .

14. 'Prosa decima dell Arcadia di Sannazaro' ED. G. CORNIANI E L. PORTINELLI, Milan, 1806 p. 132: '... la grande effigie del selvatico Iddio appoggiata a un lungo battone di una intera oliva, a sovra la testa avea due corne dirittissime ed elevate verso il cielo con la faccia rubicunda come matura fragola; le gambe e i piedi irsuti ne d'altra forme che sono quelli delle capre. Il suo manto era di una pelle grandissima stellata di bianche macchie.'

15. ED. Venice, 1571, p. 138 and pp. 134 sq.; first ed., 1556.

16. III II, 44: 'τοῦ δὲ παντὸς σύμβολον τὸν Πᾶνα ἔθεντο, τὰ μὲν κέρατα σύμβολα δόντες . . . σελήνης, τὴν δὲ νεβρίδα σύμβολον τῶν κατ' οὐρανὸν ἀστέρων ἢ τῆς τοῦ παντὸς ποικιλίας'. Cornutus, *de Natura Deorum*, 27, p. 150, OSANN (ALDINE ED., 1505). The passage was first compared with Signorelli's Pan by ROBERT EISLER, *Weltenmantel und Himmelszelt*, Munich, 1910, vol. I, p. 86, note 6.

17. *Saturnaliorum Lib.*, I, ch. 19: 'Pan ipse, quem vocant Inuum, sub hoc habitu quo cernitur solem se esse prudentioribus permittit intelligi. Hunc Deum Arcades colunt appellantes τὸν τῆς ὕλης κύριον, non silvarum dominum sed universae substantiae materialis dominatorem significari volentes, cuius materiae vis universorum corporum, seu illa divina, sive terrena sint, componit essentiam.'

18. Verses 31, 39: 'Nam Pan deus est rusticus, in naturae similitudinem formatus. Unde et Pan dictus est, i.e. omne; habet enim cornua in radiorum solis et cornuum lunae similitudinem. Rubet ejus facies ad aetheris imitationem. In pectore nebridam habet stellatam, ad stellarum imaginem. Pars ejus inferior hispida est propter arbores, virgulta, (et) feras. Caprinos pedes habet, ut ostendat terrae soliditatem. Fistulam septem calamorum habet, propter harmoniam coeli, in qua septem zone sunt: . . . καλαύροπα habet, i.e., pedum, hoc est baculum recurvum propter annum, qui in se recurrit: quia hic totius naturae deus est, a poetis fingitur cum amore luctatus: et ab eo victus: quia ut legimus 'Omnia vincit amor.' Ergo Pan, secundum fabulas, amasse Syringam nympham dicitur: quam cum sequeretur, illa, implorato Terrae auxilio, in calamum conversa est: quem Pan ad solatium amoris incidit, et sibi fistulam fecit.'

— to which the description of Pan in John Ridewall's *Libellus de Imaginibus Deorum*¹⁹ could have been added — account perfectly for all the details in Signorelli's presentation of the god himself.

Vergil's verse — commented upon in the lines of Servius quoted by Roger Fry — "*Pan primum calamos cera coniungere plures instituit*" (Pan first taught to connect several reeds by means of wax) would appear to explain the lost fresco painted by Luca Signorelli in the Palazzo Pandolfo Petrucci,²⁰ erroneously believed by



FIG. 2. — DOSSO DOSSI. — Satyre and Lydé, Illustration of the poem of Moschos. — Palazzo Pitti, Florence, Italy.

Dussler²¹ to have been a repetition of the composition painted for Lorenzo de Medici, thus described by Guglielmo della Valle:²² "*La seconda storia*²³ rappresenta un baccanale di molti giovani e vecchi alquanto minori del naturale con varij scorci curiosi, nel mezzo vi è Pan col lituo coronato di edera; due pastori sembrano contrastarsi il primato col suono della zampogna mentre altri stanno attenti come giudici della contesa. Un giovane tiene in mano un viglietto in cui si legge 'Luca da Cortona.'"

If this fresco were called in some contemporary or later source the *School of Pan*, the title could be understood without any difficulty as referring to the Vergilian verse about Pan teaching (the shepherds) to make and play the pan's pipe (Italian *zampogna*, from the Greek συμφωνία).

But the fact is that this title is not bestowed upon the Sienese fresco but upon the canvas painted for Lorenzo de Medici and once hung up in his villa of Careggi, which does not seem to show a group of shepherds learning to play the *syrix*.

19. HANS LIEBESCHÜTZ, *Fulgentius Metaforalis (Studien d. Bibl. Warburg)*, Leipzig, 1926, p. 20, IX, PAN. "*Pan ab antiquis dictus fuit deus naturae et in similitudinem naturae universalis fuit ab eis taliter figuratus. Pingebatur homo cornutus cum facie rubicunda in cuius pectore stellarum plurimum erat forma pellisque eius in parte pingebatur stellata, fistulam septem calamorum tenebat, quam et digitis pulsare videbatur. Pedes quoque et crura caprinos habebat. Cum Amore vero pingebatur luctam habuisse, qui ab ipso Pan(e) victus erat. Ideoque idem Amor iuxta eum quasi ad terram prostratus iacebat.*" See the picture reproduced by LIEBESCHÜTZ, *Op. cit.*, pl. XX, upper figure.

20. ROB. VISCHER, *Op. cit.*, pp. 313, sq.

21. *Op. cit.*, p. 202.

22. *Lettere Sanesi*, Rome, 1786, p. 320 (GIOVANNI ZEMPEI); the Bodleian Library has the copy that belonged to John Flaxmann).

23. The preceding one, explained by DELLA VALLE as the story of Midas, has been identified by CROWE AND CAVALCASELLE on the basis of the inscriptions reproduced, badly enough, by DELLA VALLE, as a reconstruction of the famous *Calumny of Apelles*, described by LUCIAN of Samosata and also painted by Botticelli. The *Banquet of Pan* is followed by the *Martyrdom of Orpheus at the Hands of the Thracian Women* and the *Disarming of Cupid* whose bow is broken (Fig. 3, p. 85), whose wings are plucked and who is carried to the place of execution by the infuriated women.

Actually none of the above quoted interpreters has been able to derive any hint as to the identity of the alleged "attendants" of Pan from all the ancient and Renaissance texts so far collected for the elucidation of the enigmatic picture.^{23A}

The beauteous youth standing next to Pan and blowing the single reed flute was tentatively identified by Lücke, Vischer, Salomon Reinach,²⁴ Bernhard Berenson,²⁵ William Michael Rossetti²⁶ and others^{26A} with Olympus, the beloved disciple of the god who taught him the art of flute-playing.

This identification is certainly correct. Pliny²⁷ saw in Rome two plastic groups, *Olympus Taught by Pan*, *Achilles by Chiron*, the author of which was not known with certainty, and, in the Porticus of Octavia,²⁸ another *Pan Trying to Rape Olympus* by Heliodorus, a sculptor of the I Century B.C., thought to be the most beautiful σύμπλεγμα in the whole world. There is no doubt that the humanist scholars knew both passages and they may well have been acquainted with some of the still extant sculptures illustrating the same subject.²⁹

As to the standing nude female playing the flute on the other side, interpretation oscillated between Syrinx and Echo, although it would seem quite illogical to show simultaneously Syrinx whom Pan pursued with his love and who was changed into reeds growing on the shore of the river Ladon and the shepherd's flute, the seven pipes of which Pan cut out of these melodiously rustling reeds. There is no text suggesting that the nymph Syrinx ever played the flute which Pan invented only after she had been changed into reeds emitting a rustling sound when the wind blew them against one another. Also she would not be shown to stand and play quietly instead of fleeing from her importunate suitor, while he would be shown fiercely pursuing her and not conversing quietly and sadly with two old shepherds.

If we exclude — as I think we must — the impossible interpretation of this figure as Syrinx she must be Echo, repeating on her reed-flute the sounds which Olympus, standing opposite her, played on a similar instrument. If the fair nymph is

23A. ROGER FRY, *Op. cit.*: "I should not be surprised if some other passage in late Latin literature were found to throw further light on the subject." It is curious that FRY does not seem to have been aware of the fact that Lorenzo de Medici and his friends eagerly read Greek texts.

24. *Répertoire des Peintures*, vol. VI, p. 247; LÜCKE and VISCHER, see footnotes 9 and 10.

25. *Central Italian Painters of the Renaissance*, New York, 1897, p. 87.

26. *Encyclopædia Britannica*, 11th ed., vol. XXV, p. 81.

26A. See footnote 4.

27. *Naturalis Historia*, XXXVI, 29, ed. and transl. by K. JEX BLAKE with a commentary by EUGENIE SELLERS (-STRONG), p. 200 sq.: *nec minor quaestio est, in saeptis Olympum et Pana, Chironem cum Achille qui fecerint.*

28. *Ibid.*, XXXVI, 35, JEX BLAKE, p. 208. Cf. MARIO EQUICOLA, *Op. cit.*, p. 130 " . . . in Roma nelle scole di Ottavia si vedeva al tempo di Plinio . . . Pane Cupido luttano, per Pan la natura, per Cupido l'amor innato si nota." Edizione Venezia MDCV 114 fol. 101r: *Pan & Cupido fanno alla lotta; per Pan si dinota la natura per Cupido l'amor innato; vince l'amore perciocchè a quello la natura cede & in quello si rinova; folio 196 bis verso: 'non senza manifesta ragione dicono i poeti che Pan fece alle braccia con cupido e da lui fu vinto; perciocchè il tutto vince amore & anco la natura stessa.'* The book is dedicated to Isabella d'Este.

29. Rome, Villa Ludovisi, CLARAC, 726 B, 1736 D; another in Villa Albani, another in Florence, one in Naples, one in Lord Leconfield's Collection in Petworth (CLARAC, 726 B). For other examples, see: WEIZSÄCKER, in: ROSCHER, *Mythol. Lexikon*, vol. III, 1, cols. 864 sq., figs. 3 and 4; INGHIRAMI, *Mon. Etrusc.*, 6, pls. 10, 5.

Echo, any mythological handbook will provide us with a text explaining not only this figure, but two others in our picture as well:

The anthology of Joannes Stobaios, of which a famous XI Century Manuscript, the *Florilegium Laurentianum*,³⁰ was in the library of Lorenzo de Medici, has preserved in the chapter *On Venus Vulgivaga Providing Joy and on Cupid Ministering to the Pleasures of the Body*, a poem by the bucolic poet Moschos, beautifully translated into English by no less a poet than Shelley:³¹

"Pan loved his neighbor Echo³² — but that child
Of Earth and Air pined for the Satyr leaping;³³
The Satyr loved with wasting madness wild
The bright nymph Lyda — and so the three went weeping

As Pan loved Echo, Echo loved the Satyr
The Satyr, Lyda — and thus love consumed them —
And thus to each — which was a woeful matter —
To bear what they inflicted, justice doomed them;

30. *Codex Laurent. plut.*, VIII, 22. See GERONIMO VITELLI AND PAOLI, *Collezione Fiorentina di Facsimili Paleografici*, Florence, 1884, fasc. II, pl. XXIV. See the text in MEINEKE's edition (*Biblioth. Teubner*, 1855) vol. II, p. 374; ED. WACHSMUTH-HENSE, vol. IV, p. 443. The lemma of this poem quoting it as an extract from the *Bucolica* of MOSCHOS is preserved only in the *Codex S*, now in Vienna which belonged to Sambucus, M—the *Escorialensis* LXXXX (saec. XI/XII), once in possession of Mendoza—and A, the *Parisinus Graecus*, 1894, chart. saec. XIV. The poem itself in: U. VON WILAMOWITZ-MOELLENDORF, *Bucolici Graeci*, 1905, p. 138; PH. E. LEGRAND, *Bucoliques Grecques* (*Coll. Budé*), Paris, 1927, p. 180 sq.; *The Greek Bucolic Poets*, with a transl. by J. M. EDMONDS, Loeb Class. Library, London & New York, 1912, pp. 459 f.:

Ἦρατο Πάν Ἀχῶς τὰς γείτονος, ἦρατο δ' Ἀχῶ
σκιρτατὰ Σατύρω, Σάτυρος δ' ἐπεμήνατο Λύδα
ὥς Ἀχῶ τὸν Πάνα, τόσον Σάτυρος φλέγεν Ἀχῶ,
καὶ Λύδα Σατυρίσκον. Ἔρωσ δὲ ἐσμύχετ' ἀμοιβῆ,
ὅσσον γὰρ τήνων τις ἐμίσειε τὸν φιλέοντα,
τόσσον ὁμῶς φιλέων ἠχθαίρετο, πάσχε δ' ἅ ποίει.
ταῦτα λέγω πᾶσιν τὰ διδάγματα τοῖς σνεράστοις·
στεργετέ τῶς φιλέοντας, ἵν' ἦν φιλέητε φιλήσθε'.

31. PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, *The Poetical Works*, ed. by MRS. SHELLEY, vol. III, London (Moxon), 1857, pp. 334 sq. Sonnets from the Greek MOSCHOS. There is also a charming German imitation of the poem by HEINRICH HEINE beginning "Ein Knabe liebte ein Mädchen. . ." FRANZ DORNSEIFF, *Die archaische Mythenerzählung*, Berlin, 1933, p. 68, compares the story of Daphnis as told by THEOCRITUS. According to TITYROS in the *Thalysia* (VII, 72, ED. PH. LEGRAND, *Coll. Budé*, Paris, 1925 p. 11) he is enamored of one Xenea who takes no notice of him while, according to THYRSIS (I, 82) a girl (κῶρα) runs after him from copse to copse, from source to source while he remains *δυσέρως*, unable to make up his mind (*ἀμήχανος*).

32. According to the astrologer PTOLEMAEUS HEPHAESTION VI, p. 37, ED. ROULEZ, this was a punishment inflicted by Aphrodite on Pan for adjudicating the prize in a beauty-contest between Achilles and Adonis to the former and not to the youth beloved by the goddess. The love of Pan for Echo is mentioned in the Orphic hymn to Pan (XI, 9 : Ἦχοῦς φίλε) which has been translated into Latin by MARSILIO FICINO, head of the Platonic Academy of Careggi. CALLISTRATUS describes in the first of his ἐκφράσεις a group, Πάνα ἐνηγκαλισμένον Ἦχῶ (cp. 'complexus Echo montanam deam,' *Apuleius Metam.* V, 25). See also: NONNUS, *Dionys.*, XVI, 289, XXXIX, 130.

33. In: OVID, *Metam.*, III, 365-401; AUSONIUS, *Epigr.* 99, Echo is in love with Narcissus.

For, inasmuch as each might hate the lover,
 Each, loving, so was hated. Ye that love not,
 Be warned — in thought turn this example over
 That, when ye love, the like return ye prove not."

The nude girl standing and answering with the melancholy sounds of her flute the piping of Olympus, looking down longingly on the reclining youth girded with vine-leaves is Echo pining for Satyros, whose leaping pole is seen lying idle on the ground while the "jumper" — σκιρτατάς — is equally trying to elicit a mournful sound from the reed-pipe and sadly raises his eyes to the sky — mooning for fair Lydē.³⁴ She in turn is seen seated mournfully in the background, taking no notice of Satyros, being herself in love with a nude girl turning her back upon the unhappy Lydē.

As a matter of fact Signorelli is not the only artist who has illustrated this poem of Moschos. The wild love of the Satyre for Lydē — ἐπεμήνατο Λύδαι — forms the subject of a picture by Dosso Dossi (Fig. 2)³⁵ — probably the only surviving one of a series illustrating Moschos' tragic *rondo* of unrequited love.

So nothing remains to explain but the two particularly prominent figures of the two old shepherds, listening in rapt attention to Pan — seen to talk to them compassionately. If the title the *School of Pan* applies to any part of this group, it must refer to the god teaching these two attentive disciples about to learn something from their semi-divine, semi-animal instructor.

What they are taught^{35A} is no more difficult to discover than the meaning of the figures illustrating the bucolic poem of Moschos — at least for the modern scholar who finds all the ancient texts referring to Pan conveniently collected in the respective article of Roscher's *Mythological Lexicon*.³⁶

The crucial passage is found in the sixth speech of Dio Chrysostomus — a

34. The artist's patron may have identified this otherwise unknown girl Lydē—Moschos does not call her a nymph like SHELLEY!—with the famous Lydē, beloved by the poets ANTIMACHOS and LAMYNTHIOS both of whom bewailed her early death in elegies (ATHENAEUS, *Deipnosoph.* XIII, 597, ed. C. B. GULICK; *Loeb Class. Libr.*, vol. VI, 1937, p. 217, cf. XIII, 598; *Ibid.*, p. 223). On Antimachos, a poet who flourished in Lydia at the time of the Persian king Artaxerxes, see: WENTZEL, in: PAULY-WISSOWA, *Realencycl. d. klass. Alt.*, vol. I, 2 col. 2434, No. 24; as to Lamynthios, see: *Ibid.*, suppl. VI, col. 218. The poems of ANTIMACHOS were collected for Plato by HERACLIDES PONTICUS. The fragments of his elegy *Lydē* are published in: TH. BERGK, *Poetae Lyr. Graeci*, 4th ed., pp. 287-294; 5th ed., pp. 610-615. See also the epigram of ASCLEPIADES, *Anthol. Palat.*, IX, 63 I v. This particular Lydē was well known to the Renaissance authors discussing love and its problems. See: MARIO EQUICOLA, *Op. cit.*, p. 43: 'Amò Lide Antimacho Clario e Lamintio Milesio. L'uno e l'altro per Lide scrissero poemi.'

35. MAX VON BOEHN, *Giorgione und Palma Vecchio (Velhagen und Klasing's Künstlermonographien)*, Bielefeld, 1908, p. 19, fig. 15; text p. 38: *Nympe und Faun*; LIONELLO VENTURI, *Giorgione e il Giorgionismo*, Milan, pl. XLIII, see: p. 377 (*Satiro e Ninfa*). In the inventory of the Pitti Palace (1691) 'dissero di mano di Giorgione.' Thus MORELLI, SIR HERBERT COOK and GRONAU. The attribution to Dosso Dossi is due to AD. VENTURI and accepted by B. BERENSON and CARL JUSTI. The model used by the artist is clearly the same as Giorgione used for the reclining *Venus* of Dresden.

35A. FRITZ SAXL, *Antike Götter in der Spätrenaissance* (Stud. d. Bibl. Warburg, VIII), Leipzig, 1929, p. 22 "Was Pan zum Alten spricht, das wissen wir nicht, da wir das Programm des Bildes nicht kennen."

36. WEITZSÄCKER, *Op. cit.*, vol. III, 1 col. 7397, ls. 75-23.



FIG. 3. — LUCA CAMBIASO. — Pan, Hermes and Cupid. — Historic Museum, Strasbourg (engraved). — Photo. Brogi.

manuscript of which Francesco Filelfo (1398-1481) had bought in Constantinople, sometime in or after 1420. He brought it to Italy³⁷ in 1427 where it was first published in print by Paravicini at Milan in 1476.³⁸

Talking of the famous philosopher Diogenes of Sinope, Dion³⁹ tells a story which is better printed in Greek only, although the reader may find an English version of it in the Loeb Classical Library edition:⁴⁰ οὐ γὰρ ἔχει αὐτὸν οὐδαμῶς ἐλθεῖν ἀφροδισίων ἔνεκεν, ἀλλὰ παίζων ἔλεγεν ἀπανταχοῦ παρεῖναι αὐτῷ τὴν Ἀφροδίτην προῖκα τοὺς δὲ ποιητάς καταψεύδεσθαι τῆς θεοῦ διὰ τὴν αὐτῶν ἄκρασίαν, πολύχρυσον καλοῦντας. ἐπεὶ δὲ πολλοὶ τοῦτο ἠπίστουν ἐν τῷ φανερῷ ἐχρήτο καὶ πάντων ὁρώντων⁴¹ καὶ ἔλεγεν ὥς εἶπερ οἱ ἄνθρωποι πάντες οὕτως εἶχον οὐκ ἂν ἐάλω ποτὲ ἢ Τροία, οὐδ' ἂν ὁ Πρίαμος ὁ Φρυγῶν βασιλεύς, ἐπὶ τῷ βωμῷ τοῦ Διὸς ἐσφάγη.

"If," said Diogenes, "all men behaved as he did, ancient Troy would not have been captured and its Phrygian king Priamus [descended from Zeus] would not have been slain at the altar of Zeus. He said fishes had more sense than men" ὅταν γὰρ δέωνται τὸ σπέρμα ἀποβαλεῖν, ἰόντας ἔξω προσκνᾶσθαι πρὸς τι τραχύ. θαυμάζειν δὲ τῶν ἀνθρώπων τὸ τὸν μὲν πόδα μὴ θέλειν ἀργυρίου κνᾶσθαι μηδὲ τὴν χεῖρα μηνὲ ἄλλο μηδὲν τοῦ σώματος, μηδὲ τοὺς πάνυ πλουσίους ἀναλῶσαι ἂν μηδεμίαν ὑπὲρ τούτου δράχμην· ἐν δὲ ἐκεῖνο τὸ μέρος πολλάκις πολλῶν ταλάντων, τοὺς δὲ τινὰς ἤδη καὶ τὴν ψυχὴν παραβαλλομένους. And he said jokingly that "this sort of συνουσία was an invention of the god Pan who could not get hold of Echo when he had fallen in love with her, but

37. AMBROGIO TRAVERSARI, *Epist.* XXIV, 32; see: R. SABADINI, *Le Scoperte dei Codici Latini e Greci*, Florence, 1905, p. 48, note 3. The manuscript was in the Badia in Florence, before it came—at the time of the suppression of the convents—into the Mediceo-Laurentiana. It is mentioned by MONTFAUCON, *Diarium Italicum*, Paris, 1702, p. 365, together with a XV Century Greek-Latin glossary which equally belonged to Francesco Filelfo.

38. This edition by PARAVICINUS, mentioned by FABRICIUS, *Bibl. Graeca*, Vol. V, p. 134; A. SONNY, *Ad Dion. Chrysost. Analecta*, 17A, does not seem to have survived in any one of our libraries.

39. *Oratio*, VI, p. 203, sq. *Reiske*.

40. *Dio Chrysostomus*, VI, 17, ED. J. W. COHOON, vol. I, London, 1932, pp. 258 sq.

41. Cf. DIOGENES, *Laert.*, VI, 46, ED. R. D. HICKS, *Loeb Class. Libr.*, vol. II, 1925, p. 46: (Διογένης) ἐπ' ἀγορᾶς ποτε χειρουργῶν εἶθε, ἔφη, καὶ τὴν κοιλίαν ἦν παρατρίψαντα μὴ πεινῆν. Cf. LUCIAN, *v. auct.* 10; *Athen.* IV, p. 158 sq. (ED. GULICK, *Loeb Class. Libr.*, vol. II, pp. 222 sq.); STOBÆUS, *Floril.*, 6, 39, 52; JO. CHRYSOST., *Hom.*, 34, in: MATTH., p. 398 c.; ST. AUGUSTINE, *Civ. dei*, XIV, 20. Diogenes' action is praised by the STOIC CHRYSIPPOS (PLUTARCH, *De Stoicorum Repugn.*, 21, 1, p. 1044; vol. VI, p. 224, lines 5 ff. ED. BERNARDAKIS, where PLUTARCH himself condemns the cynic's αἰσχρογυγία; it is approved unreservedly by the physician GALEN, *De Locis Affectis* VI, 5, vol. VIII, p. 419. KÜHN, ED. 1, Paris, 1649, vol. VII, p. 519. See also the epigram of AGATHIAS, *Anthol. Pal.*, V, 302, ED. JACOBS, vol. I (1813), p. 181...πάντ' ἄρα Διογένης ἔφυγεν τάδε, τὸν δ' Ὑμέναιον ἤειδεν παλάμη, Λαῖδος οὐ χατέων. The story was well known to MARIO EQUICOLA who writes (*Libro della Natura d'Amore*, p. 377): "*Che altra cercava Diogene nella sua botte se non voluptà?*"

wandered about aimlessly in the woods by night and day. At that time Hermes taught him, pitying his helplessness since, after all, he was Hermes' son. And Pan, having learned his lesson, put an end to his great misery. *From him then the shepherds learnt to do the same.*"

There is no doubt that Diogenes' story of Pan's way of soothing the pains of unhappy love was known to humanist scholars and combined by them with the statement of *Fulgentius Metaforalis* that Pan had wrestled with Amor and vanquished him.^{41A}

For there is in Strasbourg a picture by Luca Cambiaso (Fig. 3), formerly erroneously attributed to Correggio,^{41B} which shows Pan resorting to the trick learnt from Hermes and laughing at poor Cupid being disarmed by his irate mother who takes away his arrow and has thrown his quiver filled with powerless arrows contemptuously to the ground.

Equally among the books brought to Italy by Filelfo — who lectured in Florence from 1429-1434 and again in November 1474 when he read his *fasti dei Medici* to the Platonic Academy⁴² and was appointed professor of Greek by Lorenzo de Medici in 1477, taking up his office in 1481 shortly before his death⁴³ — was a manuscript of Suidas' *Lexikon*.⁴⁴ It quotes under the heading Λυδός the proverb:⁴⁵

Λυδός ἐν μεσημβρία παίζει.

It is said to be applied ἐπὶ τῶν ἀκολάστων ὡς ταύταις ταῖς ὥραις ἀκολασταίνοντων.⁴⁶ For the Lydians are ridiculed in the comedies as people ταῖς χερσὶν αὐτῶν πληροῦντες τὰ ἀφροδίσια. ἡ δὲ παροιμία αὕτη ὁμοία τῇ «Αἵπολος ἐν καύματι» ἐπεὶ δὴ ἐν ταῖς τοιαύταις ὥραις οἱ αἵπολοι ἀκολασταίνουσιν.

41A. See footnote 19.

41B. Our Fig. 4 is reproduced after SALOMON REINACH's *Répertoire des Peintures*, vol. VI, p. 280 (after an engraving by Guérin inverting the right and the left side of the original said to be in Castle Mertenzenau at Müllerhof, near Strasbourg). Other copies in New York and Florence. See: CORR. RICCI, *Correggio*, p. 102; HERMANN VOSS, *Venus entwaſſnet Cupido, ein unerkanntes Hauptwerk des Luca Cambiaso*, in: "Monatsschrift für Kunstwissenschaft," V. Leipzig, 1912, pp. 321 sq., pl. 70, who mentions a copy in the Collection of Lord Folkestone in Longford Castle. See: THIEME-BECKER, *Künstlerlexikon*, s. v. *Allegri*, col. 464; MEYER, *Correggio*, p. 385; "Archivio Storico d'Arte," vol. III, 1890, p. 102.

42. CARLO ROSMINI, *Vita del Filelfo*, vol. II, Milano, 1808, pp. 381-382. See the text of Filelfo's report to Lorenzo de Medici on the lecture, *Op. cit.*, p. 227. Cf. DELLA TORRE, *Storia dell'Academia Platonica*.

43. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, *The Renaissance in Italy*, London, 1882, *The Revival of Learning*, pp. 282 sq.

44. R. SABADINI, *Op. cit.*, p. 48 (*epist.* AMBROGII TRAVERSARI, XXIV, 32: . . . *Dione il Grisostomo . . . suida*); SYMONDS, *Op. cit.*, p. 270, note 2.

45. *Paroimiographi*, ed. LEUTZSCH, ad. *Diogen.*, 6, 18; PHOTIUS, s.v. Λυδός THEOCRITUS, 1, 86 and SCHOLIA to οἱ αἵπολοι λαγνοί.

46. Cp. ARISTOPHANES, Pax, 289f.: Νῦν τοῦτ' ἐκεῖν' ἤκει τὸ Δάτιδος μέλος, δεφόμενός ποτ' ἦδε τῆς μεσημβρίας δ' ὡς ἦδομαι καὶ τέρπομαι καὶ χαίρομαι. CATULL., 32, 3: 'iube ad te veniam meridiatum'; 61, 114; 'quae . . . medio die gaudeat.' Ovid, *Amores* 1, 5, 1: "Aestus erat medianque dies exegerat horam adposui medio membra levanda toro, . . . 26 proveniant medii sic mihi saepe dies." An analogous noon-time orgy "during the hours of the greatest heat" among modern Italian factory-girls is described by NICEFORO, *Il Gergone: Normali*, Turin, 1897, ch. VI, quoted in: HAVELOCK ELLIS, *Studies in the Psychology of Sex*, vol. I, 1, p. 237, note 3; vol. II, 2, New York, 1936, p. 214. See also Baudouin's engraving *Le Midi* of which modern reproductions were constantly offered for sale on the bookstalls of the *bouquinistes* at the Seine quays of Paris (repr. FUCHS, *Das erot. Element i. d. Karikatur*, fig. 92).

That this proverb about the "shepherds in the noon-day heat" was well known to Italian Renaissance artists and their princely patrons is shown by Giulio Romano's fresco adorning the cool *Casino della Grotta* in the gardens of the Palazzo del Te, near Mantua (Fig. 5).⁴⁷

As to Signorelli's humanist patron who inspired the painting in question, the popular accusation levied against the Lydians recorded by Suida suggested to him the explanation missing in Moschos' *rondo* why that otherwise unknown Lydian girl rejected the wooings of poor Satyros. As he added to the sad tail-chasing circle of unrequited love at the beginning, Olympus, the flute-playing boy beloved by Pan, so he added at the end the proudly exposed beauty of a girl whom the sad Lydian maid longs in vain to embrace $\chi\epsilon\iota\rho\iota\ \pi\alpha\acute{\iota}\zeta\omega\nu$ but who indignantly turns her back on the tempter.

"Let Eros teach the moral of this tale
To loveless hearts: Love those who love you
Thus, when you love, you will be loved."⁴⁸

Had all the lovers in this sadly broken circle but heeded Moschos' wise counsel, how well could Pan have been paired with Echo, Echo with Satyros, Satyros with Lydē and fair Olympus with the proud anonymous nymph, the goat-legged god of the shepherds leaving his worshippers untaught!

As it happened, the story had a very different, unhappy end: as Daphnis told his Chloë,⁴⁹ "Pan was so angered by the girl whose beauty he could not enjoy, that he drove the shepherds to madness. Like dogs and wolves⁵⁰ they tore the poor girl to pieces and scattered her limbs still singing all over the earth. The earth, to please the Muses, hid them in her depth, but preserved according to the intention of the Muses her song and emits ever since a voice which, as the girl used to do, imitates everything, gods, men, instruments, animals and — it imitates even Pan when he blows the shepherd's pipe. But he, when he hears it, jumps up and hunts all over the mountain after his one-time disciple."

47. ARCO, *Giulio Romano*, p. 49, pl. 30. Our Fig. 3 is reproduced from Paride Weber's outline in SAL. REINACH's *Répertoire des Peintures*, vol. VI, p. 307, top part.

48. Cf. MARIO EQUICOLA, *Op. cit.*, p. 48, about Marsilio Ficino's disciple Francesco Cattani da Diaceto of Florence who wrote in Latin and translated into the Florentine dialect *Tre Libri d'Amore*: "esorta l'amato à reamare"; *IBID.*, p. 54, on the two books *On Love in lingua toscana* by the great artist Leon Battista Alberti who says: "Meglio è donarsi à chi ti assedia;" MARIO EQUICOLA himself says, p. 65: "Daphne per no reamare, perciòché fu contra natura, divenne tronco."

49. LONGUS, *Pastoralia*, III, 23, ed. GEORGES DALMEYDA (*Coll. Budé*), Paris, 1934, p. 70.

50. THEOCRIT, III, 47, calls the madness of Aphrodite's love for Adonis $\Lambda\upsilon\sigma\sigma\alpha$ i. e. wolfishness (from * $\lambda\upsilon\kappa\iota\alpha$, CURTIUS, *Griech. Etym.*, 5th ed., 553; GRUPPE, *Griech. Mythol.*, p. 806, note 7; LAGERKRANTZ, *Zur Griech. Lautgeschichte*, pp. 88, sq.; EISLER, *Orph.-Dionys. Myst.*, Leipzig, 1925, p. 288, notes 1 and 2); PLATO (*Leg.* VIII 839 A) speaks of $\lambda\upsilon\sigma\sigma\alpha$ $\epsilon\rho\omega\tau\iota\kappa\acute{\eta}$. SOPHOCLES (*fragm.* 855, 4, NAUCK, *Fragm. Trag. Graec.*, p. 329) uses $\Lambda\upsilon\sigma\sigma\alpha$ as one of the epithets of Kypriis. See further PLATO, *Phaedr.*, 241 D, and the epigram of STRATON (*Anthol. Palat.*, XII, 250) about the lover called "the wolf" ($\lambda\upsilon\kappa\omicron\varsigma$), the beloved, the "lamb" or "kid." On the whole phenomenon of lycanthropy, see: ROBERT EISLER, *Man into Wolf*, in: "The Hibbert Journal," Jan. 1946, pp. 159-165.

This curious story of Pan driving the shepherds into lycanthropic and kynanthropic frenzy, pursuing Echo like the *luperci* used to pursue the Roman women at the *lupercalia* festival, and thus contriving the Dionysic παραγμός of the victim of his disappointed love may well have been connected by a Renaissance philosopher and physician like Marsilio Ficino with the myth retold by Diogenes about Pan teaching the shepherds the new *remedio d'amore* he had himself learnt from his father Hermes. For it is a wide-spread and old superstition, still found in popular medical treatises⁵¹ that the practise in question leads in the end to insanity.

Not the smallest part of Signorelli's picture is without meaning. Even the triumphal arch in the background with armed riders passing through it fits perfectly into the context. For Marsilio Ficino⁵² says in his commentary to the Platonic *Symposion*, that the remedies for unhappy love are twofold, one offered by nature, the other procured by diligent activity. "In order to rid thee of love" — ἀποστέργειν is the Greek technical term — "nature needs time. As to the remedies offered by careful treatment (*diligenza*) they are, among others: not to see the beloved one ever and apply one's mind to important business (*applicar l'anima a gran negoci*)." What more important business, distracting his mind from the worries of unhappy love could a man pursue than a warlike enterprise leading finally to a soldier's passage under the *Porta Triumphalis*?

I think the texts which had to be used for the explanation of Signorelli's and the cognate pictures show beyond the possibility of doubt that the picture presented by the artist to Lorenzo de Medici and hung by the prince in his villa of Careggi, the place where the Platonic Academy⁵³ met for its discussions, is intended to commemorate one of the discussions this learned society held about the inexhaustible subject of love in all its forms.

We happen to know from a letter of Marsilio Ficino to Paolo Soderini⁵⁴ that the "gay and reckless Brigade of the Dark Violet" discussed the question whether or not to admit as a subject of its debates speeches about love and lovers. Lorenzo de Medici voted against the proposal because the Brigade which proposed to exclude all care and worry completely from its deliberations could not accept to speak of love which of all worries is the greatest and most tormenting. Marsilio, how-

51. HAVELOCK ELLIS, *Op. cit.*, vol. I, pp. 248-259.

52. Quoted by MARIO EQUICOLA, *Op. cit.*, p. 38: *il rimedio è duplice l'uno di natura, l'altro di diligenza*.

53. ARNALDO DELLA TORRE, *Storia dell'Accademia Platonica di Firenze*, Pubblicaz. d. R. Istituto di Studi Superiori di Firenze, Sezione di filosofia e filologia, 28, Florence, 1902, pp. 538-541.

54. DELLA TORRE, *Op. cit.*, p. 792, note 2, cf. p. 57, note 1: MARSILIO FICINO, *Opera*, vol. I, p. 917, *lettera a Paolo Soderini, nella quale egli ci fa sapere di una disputa nata tra i componenti della gioconda e spensierata brigata della Mammola, se cioè questa dovessi o no amettere nel suo seno i discorsi circa gli amori e gli amanti. Lorenzo de' Medici diceva di no, perchè la brigata che si proponeva l'assenza assoluta di ogni cura non poteva accettare di parlare dell'amore che delle cure è la più grande e la più tormentosa; Marsilio invece propendeva per il sì perchè l'anima dell'amante si trasferisce tutta assieme dai suoi affanni in quella dell'amata e l'amante stesso perciò intervenendo ai convegni della Mammola vi sarebbe venuto privo d'ogni cura.*

ever, favored the proposal, because the soul of the lover transfers itself entirely from his own troubles to those in the soul of the beloved. Therefore the lover himself taking part in the assemblies of 'The Violet' would arrive there free from any worry.

The logic of the argument is not very convincing. But since Marsilio Ficino, who lived in a country house near Villa Careggi which Lorenzo de Medici had given him, was the founder and soul of the Platonic Academy we may safely suppose that discussions about love and the experiences of all the famous lovers of ancient and more recent times did take place in the "Violet Club" as well as in the more serious *adunanze* of the Platonic Academy, especially at the banquets given twice a year by Franco Sacchetti for the *Accademia Platonica* when this Florentine patrician used to entertain the famous Greek scholar Argyropoulo, all the academicians and a house-party of a dozen of *gentiluomini* for two or three days at a time.⁵⁵

A most amusing letter written by Cristoforo Landino — the famous commentator of Dante's *Divina Comedia* — to Lorenzo de Medici⁵⁶ on April 18, 1464 tells the story of the "*araldo de' Signori*" and "*araldo del palagio*," the herald of the Florentine *Signoria*, one Filarete presumably a relative of the great architect — a member of the *Accademia* who had disgraced himself and the company by hiding a lady during these days in the room he occupied as a guest of Sacchetti. The poor *spensierato* — married, father of three little girls, and a fourth child about to be born, the only support of an old mother — had been ignominiously dismissed and was now facing complete ruin. Lorenzo is implored to provide him with another job, considering that the man is "*pieno di buoni chostumi*" and would be perfect, "*senza alcuno vitio se si potesse rimuovere quello che i Greci chiamano philogynia id est troppo amare le femine.*"

Since Francesco Filelfo was in constant correspondence and personal contact with members of the Academy — being actually acclaimed in a letter of Donato Acciaiuolo⁵⁷ as "*princeps nostrae Academiae*" — it is very unlikely that the most relevant Greek text, the fragment of Diogenes found in one of the books brought to Italy by Filelfo, should not have been quoted in such a discussion in a more or less ribald way by those members who appreciated and enjoyed the frank paganism of Antonio Panormitano (Beccadelli)'s *Ermafrodito*,^{57A} in a more serious and

55. *Ibid.*, p. 401.

56. *Ibid.*, p. 402 f.

57. DELLA TORRE, pp. 368, 383-389; 395, 369-372.

57A. For the modern reader the most surprising thing about this book is its dedication to Cosimo de Medici who had a number of manuscript copies made and privately circulated. The second edition by CAROLUS VORBERGIUS (Coburg, 1824) gives on p. 14 a letter by POGGIO BRACCIOLINI to BECCADELLI; on p. 16 one by GUARINO DA VERONA, both giving high praise to the book; p. 200 a laudatory poem upon it by GIOVIO PONTANO. ALBERT VON EYB, Secretary to Enea Silvio Piccolomini (Pope Pius II) quoted verses of it in his anthology *Margarita Poetica*, fol. 148. PIRCKHEIMER copied the *Epitaphium Nichinae Flandrensis Scorti Egregii* (No. XXX, p. 138, ED. VORBERG) and two charm-

(Continued on next page)

condemnatory spirit by men like Marsilio Ficino who could hardly have failed to quote Plutarch's severe criticism of Diogenes ἀσχροπύλα or Martial's epigram IX, 41:

*"Hoc nihil esse putas? scelus est,
mihi crede, sed ingens!"*

adding probably, as the lexicographer Forcellini did when quoting this line: "*Si Martialis scelus ingens esse dixit, quanto magis Christianus homo aversum esse debet?*"

Can we doubt, that the *Academia* would discuss, more or less seriously, the grave problem how a man otherwise "without blemish" could be cured of the vice "which the Greeks called φιλογυνία and which consists in being too fond of women?" Can we doubt that this would lead to a discussion of all the possible *remedii d'amore* — a question treated in the very first of Leon Batista Alberti's "*due libri d'amore in lingua toscana*" and to which Pier Hedo di Fortuna⁵⁸ devoted the better part of his *Tre libri Anterici*?

It is hardly too bold to assume that Lorenzo de Medici and Luca Signorelli were present at such a discussion and that the painter — greatly struck by some of the mythological quotations he had heard in the course of it — decided to perpetuate the memory of the occasion in a painting which he presented as a gift to the Magnifico, knowing well that nobody could surpass Lorenzo in generosity.

He succeeded in producing a masterpiece, the grace and original beauty of which could only with difficulty be imagined by the modern spectator, defrauded of his full delight by the prudish late heir of the Medici who had draperies daubed over the nudes and by the hapless restorer who removed the top-glazes of the original together with these late disgraceful additions.

What the modern psychologist calls the "sublimation" of the frankly pagan and sensual eroticism of the story represented by the painter had been achieved so thoroughly that the subject-matter was almost completely dissolved into the purity of an exquisite musical harmony: we seemed to look at a *tableau vivant*, staged before an Arcadian backdrop and presented to the accompaniment of a sad melody softly played by flutes in the melancholy Lydian tune: "the last warm rays of the setting sun fall on the figures and cast slant shadows across the foreground."⁵⁹

The face of the god reflected — as the clouds floating quietly over an emerald sky — the reddish glow of the sunset — "*rubet eius facies ad aetheris imitationem.*" Over his head rose the two horns of the new moon, his shoulders were

ing epigrams "to Katharina" into his Italian traveling note-book, now in the British Museum (Egerton MS., 1926, fol. 6 ro. & vo.), not recognized in HANS RUPPRICH's edition *Willibald Pirckheimer und die erste Reise Dürer's nach Italien*, Vienna, 1930, p. 114, cp. p. 48, a new edition of which by the present writer is to appear in "Renaissance et Humanisme." On the other hand the Friars Bernardino da Siena and Roberto da Lecce burnt copies of it on the market-places of Bologna, Ferrara and Milan.

58. MARIO EQUICOLA, *Op. cit.*, p. 58, ED. Venice, MDCVII, f. 44.

59. ROGER FRY, *Op. cit.*, note 5.



FIG. 4. — SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES. — Pan and Psyche.

covered with the star-studded dark blue cloak of the night — soon to overshadow the universe and cover the sweet sufferings of all the creatures tormented by Ἔρως ἀνίκτος μάχαν. A sad suffering god of the universe looked with deep sympathy into the eyes of the creature whose vain longings he tried to assuage by a counsel of despair. Roger Fry saw *Weltschmerz*, Bernhard Berenson "the majestic pathos of nature," in the expression of this strange Arcadian divinity — half angel, half beast. None of them saw that the sadness emanating from the central figure and reflected by all the others is caused by that restless fever of the blood — "*amore che tormenta il corpo e affligge l'animo inquieto*."⁶⁰

Surely there is a far cry from the Platonic Academy of Florence to the British Pre-Raphaelites, from Marsilio Ficino and Luca Signorelli to William Morris and Sir Edward Burne-Jones. But it is a fact that the latter's *Pan pitying Psyche* (Fig. 4) — formally inspired by Signorelli's *Pan* and Piero di Cosimo's *Death of Procris*, materially by some verses in William Morris' *Earthly Paradise*⁶¹ — is the nearest approach to a true understanding of that strange picture by the spectator. This picture too is, as the late Sir Frederic Burton said of Signorelli's *poesia*, "very nude." Yet, I do not think that either he or any other museum director would have rejected it for that reason. I have no doubt that the meaning of the title, the *School of Pan*, was always known to all the subsequent owners and that the last of them was naïve enough to explain it to the shocked Director of the British National Gallery who passed the fatal information on to the trustees of the institution.⁶²

ROBERT EISLER.



FIG. 5. — GIULIO ROMANO. — Shepherds in the Noon-Day Heat, fresco. — Casino delle Grotte. — Palazzo del Te, near Mantua (engraved).

60. MARIO EQUICOLA, *Op. cit.*, p. 247.

61. "And with that word she leapt into the stream
But the kind river even yet did deem
That she should live and with all gentle care
Cast her ashore within a meadow fair
Upon the other side where shepherd Pan
Sat looking down upon the water wan."

62. The trustees of 1872 were, in the main, still the same men who had, in 1857, authorized Ruskin "working in the cellars of the National Gallery" to destroy several sketches of that peerless artist Turner—bequeathed by the painter to the nation—"which from the nature of their subjects it seemed undesirable to preserve" (W. M. ROSSETTI, *Rossetti Papers*, 1903, p. 383). This Puritan's vandalism encouraged Lady Burton to confess in her *Life of Sir Richard Burton* that she herself had destroyed some of his manuscripts as "Turner's executors [*sic!*] had burned some of his drawings." (BERNARD FALK, *Turner the Painter*, London, 1938, p. 233, note 1 and pp. 234 sq.)



THE GREATNESS OF TURNER

I HAVE come in from the Coast* to speak of Turner's greatness and of the part he played in raising landscape painting from a relatively humble position in the hierarchy to equality with history painting.

Turner's greatness is measured by the extent to which he transcended intellectual, rationalized concepts and expression, and attained his goal of expressing Infinity.

His achievement in promoting landscape to the position it now holds, is realized when we reflect that while he was a boy, just about to enter the Royal Academy schools, of which Reynolds was the principal, Sir Joshua and his British

* EDITOR'S NOTE: While the largest collection of Turner's works ever assembled outside of England, was shown in an exhibition at the Art Institute of Chicago (1946), a series of lectures on Turner was arranged at the Institute. As a memento of that outstanding event in the furthering of British-American artistic relations; the "Gazette" here presents one of these lectures, slightly revised and extended by the author.



FIG. 1. — TURNER. — Ewenny Priory. — National Museum of Wales, Cardiff.

confrères were still hoping that some day the British school might raise its head among the great schools of painting, if only its artists could become great history painters. Great portrait painters, like Gainsborough and Reynolds, were not enough. The Sublime, which had ended somewhere with Carracci and Poussin, must be reborn in England. But when, at last, the British school did raise its head among

the nations, and stand supreme, it stood aloft on the shoulders of Constable and Turner.

Turner's greatness is that, more than any predecessor or successor, he expressed the infinity of Nature. What is Infinity, in the landscape painter's sense? It is, I submit, the power and the glory of a world which by its elemental freedom exceeds human control. According to his make-up — it all depends on that — man can imagine, or apprehend, this immensity, and if he be a great poet or painter, can express it. If he knows enough, and feels deeply enough, he can tell in words or paint what — though it be impalpable — has profound significance for man. He sees more than meets the eye, and catches it. And his mastery and magic extend our dim awareness of the wonder and sublimity of a world in which our lives are passed. The world translated by a Turner is outside our mortal busyness with intellectual ideas, with the certainties of science and the ascertainment that build bridges or install plumbing. His is a world of apocalyptic light and shadowed mystery; of passionate elements and immortal forms; a world of intimations that confirm man in his inveterate belief in the Elysian fields.

None, I think, qualified to speak about Turner, doubts the sincerity and greatness of his constant endeavor. In the very magnitude of that aim — which after all is the unattainable — unattainment is implicit. But that applies in some measure to all the greatest art, whether it be the late works of Beethoven, Titian or Rembrandt. The bolder the challenge, the greater the risk. Success in these things must be gauged by the effect these masters had in changing, inspiring and enriching the outlook of posterity.

Turner was lucky in his beginnings. He was not one of those who, gifted in sensibility, have to waste precious years in alien jobs before they can follow their bent. Thanks to his father — the little hairdresser in Maiden Lane — he was given his head from the very start. In 1789, aged fourteen, he entered the Royal Academy schools. By the time he was fifteen he was skilful enough to exhibit in the Royal Academy. That meant that for some years he had diligently trained his eye and hand. He did so by copying prints — borrowed, or seen in shop windows or books — by making notes of drawings seen in exhibitions, and working them up at home. The benefit of this was that very early he began to see pictorially, to acquire the habit of conventional design, selection and adaptation. He also worked under, or deliberately copied the technique of, the best topographical artists of that day — Dayes, Malton (under whom he worked about 1789), Sandby, Morland and Rowlandson. He also studied regularly the antiques at the Academy from 1790 to 1793. Regularly he went off on summer sketching tours, in quest of subjects for the engravers, working for the "Copper Plate" and the "Pocket" Magazines. What a discipline that was for young artists, and how deplorably has the camera taken from them that severe training! By the time Turner was eighteen he had a ready market for his drawings of ruined abbeys, castles, street scenes and all the features of antiquity desired by a public interested in the romantic picturesque. Before he was twenty the press critics had spotted him, and he got good notices for his water-colors of these antiquities, exhibited at the Academy. When he was twenty he had already mastered the technique he was using. But I do not think that if we had visited the Academy that year — 1795 — we should have seen in his exhibits evident signs of originality, or have marked Turner down as the painter who would revolutionize landscape painting. Technical skill of a high order, a sharp eye and ready hand, and the intellectual qualities which order and select, coolly, without romantic emotion — these we should have remarked. But of emotion kindled by wonder at the power and glory of Infinity, we should have seen little trace.

And yet that very summer, as he filled his sketch books in South Wales and the Isle of Wight,¹ his eyes were opening

1. See: "Walpole Society Annual," I, III, VI.



FIG. 2. — TURNER. — Fishermen on a Lee Shore. — Kenwood, Highgate, London.

to the superhuman life of Nature: to the action of light and the movement of the sea. As his biographer, Finberg,² notes, his drawings of coast scenes and mountains show that he was amazed and subdued. "Here was something unfamiliar that touched him more deeply than the human architecture with which he was familiar." His first oil painting seems to have been exhibited in 1796: a sea piece, called *Fishermen at Sea* (at Bransby Hall, Yorkshire, in 1939). Its novelty struck the critics of that year, and Finberg speaks of its "imaginative power" and the fine design of the boats and waves. The second oil was shown next year. John Williams ("Anthony Pasquin"), praising it, mentioned its "peculiar vision"; the London "Times" noted that Turner had strayed from his regular business — topography — "to paint the sickly appearance of the setting sun at sea, preparatory to a storm. We never beheld a piece of the kind possessing more imagination or exciting more awe and sympathy." This picture has not been traced since 1860. A water-color exhibit in 1796, *Ewenny Priory*, now in the National Museum of Wales (Fig. 1), called Rembrandt to the mind of one critic. It is indeed Rembrandtesque. If Turner's earlier architectural drawings show us a coolly intellectual appraisal of his subjects, with a view to pictorial qualities of silhouette, mass and balance, *Ewenny* reveals him as a romantic, struggling to express the transfiguration of man's architecture by sun and shadow. It is the earliest example I recall of his perception of what then was unperceived, but is now a commonplace; the magic power of light-filled air to blur and fuse. For two years he had had *Ewenny Priory* among his sketches. Perhaps if he had worked

it up two years earlier it would have been subject to the objective appraisal of his earlier topographic work. But in the meantime he had been feeling and perceiving other things, and his work in oil had shown him new possibilities.

Moreover, at this time his mind was turned to Richard Wilson, and at Dr. Monro's house he had closely studied J. R. Cozens. The procedure at



FIG. 3. — TURNER. — Windsor. — Tate Gallery, Millbank, England.

2. A. J. FINBERG, *Life of J. M. W. Turner*, R. A. (1939).

Dr. Monro's seems to have been that numerous slight pencil sketches by Cozens were copied freely by Girtin and then passed on to Turner to make into finished drawings. Turner was thus employed about 1794 to 97.³ His summer sketching tour in 1798, alone on horseback for seven weeks, was spent in the wilds of North Wales viewing the scenes of Wilson's canvases. He failed of election as Associate of the Royal Academy that year,



FIG. 4. — TURNER. — Somer Hill. — National Gallery, Edinburgh.

but succeeded in 1799. He was elected full member three years later. He was now on friendly footing with leading academicians — Lawrence, Hoppner and Farington; all three had examples of his work. This year, too, he was able to study two fine pictures by Claude, just brought to England. They pleased but depressed him, seeming so far beyond the power of imitation.

The Dutch masters of marine painting, Bakhuizen and William van de Velde, interested him too. In 1800 he received a formidable commission — to paint a large sea piece, five foot by seven, to hang as a pendant to a large painting by Van de Velde in the Duke of Bridgewater's Gallery. Benjamin West, the American P.R.A., thought that it expressed what Rembrandt had tried to; it was the picture of the year. Its importance is that an English modern had equalled if not surpassed the old masters — a feat that was not dreamed of. But he was still sufficiently like a Dutch master not to have incurred the charge of impiety. Soon he would fall foul of the critics because his own perception of Nature had gone farther than that of the Dutch masters. I mentioned a moment ago his discovery that light-drenched air renders objects indistinct. Before long, in applying this discovery to his foreground figures and in observing the relation of objects one to another, he became a heretic. In painting the large seascape, *Fishermen on a Lee Shore in Squally Weather* (1802) at Kenwood, London (Fig. 2), his principal emotion was stirred by the wildness and tumult of sky and sea and transient light and shadow. At this date he still felt the necessity of foreground detail, and introduced boats with fishermen straining and heaving to launch a vessel. But he made them subject to the elements, bathed in light, confused in definition,

3. See: "Walpole Society Annual," XXIII.

absorbed into the great symphony of wind and weather, a thing that none of the Dutch marine painters, not even Cuyp, had managed. In this perception, that objects out-of-doors are seen immersed in light and air, like fish in an aquarium tank, Turner saw what only De Hooch and Vermeer, of the Dutch masters, had seen. From now on his main preoccupation was to find the most adequate means of rendering the magical, transfiguring effect of light.

The complexity of his intention inevitably led him to a complicated technique. His aim was to suggest the lightness and transparency of air. He had not yet arrived at the relative simplicity and directness of his late and most miraculously airy pictures, or perhaps I should say notations. Now he was using, and continued to use, a system of over-paintings. But awake to the menace of excessive oil, he had his canvases prepared, by one Grandi, with absorbent grounds, which he pumiced to a smooth texture. This ground sucked up the oil from the pigment, even from a fourth overpainting. But of course when the picture was finished it was sunk, or matt, so that before it was exhibited Turner would put on three, or even four, coats of mastic to make it bear out. In this way, he said, he got air and avoided a horny appearance. On the other hand, absorbent grounds and the application of varnish before the paint was really dry, were at least highly dangerous, and as we know, sometimes disastrous. Later in his career Turner also used tempera with his oils: another very hazardous practice.

Conservative critics, arbiters of taste, and some long-established academicians, jeered at and deplored Turner's heresy: he had violated accepted tradition; he was corrupting the young. For young painters not only championed but also tried to follow him. In 1806 one of them, William Havell, dared to say that Turner was "superior to Claude and Poussin or to any other." Lawrence, by far the most accomplished academician, saw what Turner was driving at, but Constable, we may be surprised to note, thought him in 1803, "more and more extravagant and less attentive to Nature." But we should remember that in 1803 Constable's horizon was still bounded by old masters.

So far Turner had produced topographic drawings; then his oils inspired by Wilson's and Cozens' grave, classic spirit; and then his more Ossianic motifs, interspersed with boisterous sea pieces in the Dutch manner, and pictures in the mood of Claude and Poussin. He had been in the mountains of Switzerland, and on his way had closely noted the pictures in the Louvre, looted by Napoleon. In 1806 he began his *Liber Studiorum*. About now he took a step which may have made all the difference to his future. He went more directly to Nature for his inspiration, actually sketching in oils. Not that he had never drawn from Nature before. The difference is that his old practice had been to make drawings and notes in pencil and water-color, and turn them into pictures with the aid of color memoranda and a phenomenal memory. But from about 1805 onward he sometimes



FIG. 5. — TURNER. — Calais Harbor. — Frick Collection, New York. Courtesy of the Frick Collection.

worked in oils out-of-doors. Thus he assimilated more actually the subtleties and vagaries of Nature's light and weather. Perhaps he recognized that he was beginning to repeat himself because he was running out of inspiration. Probably he realized that he could find things out-of-doors more wonderful than he could, as we say, make up out of his head. However that may be, his *Sun Rising Through Vapour*, his *Blacksmith's Shop*, his *Windsor* (Fig. 3), *Frosty Morning*, National and Tate Galleries, London, *Teignmouth*, at Petworth, and *Somer Hill*, National Gallery, Edinburgh (Fig. 4), works painted in the period 1806-1814, mark a new era, not only in Turner's output but in the history of landscape painting. In them, as never before, the atmosphere, the light, the very feeling of out-of-doors is realized. Part of the secret was that the light in these pictures circulates; this circulation was regarded many years later as the revolutionary discovery in Impressionism. In 1808 a critic of Turner's pictures observed that the brightness of his lights was due less to strong contrasting darks, than to his lightening the



FIG. 6. — TURNER. — Tintern Abbey, wash drawing. — Ashmolean Museum, Oxford, England.

In much the same way, I think, we cannot look on scenes such as those painted by Turner in this period without there welling up into our mind his *Teignmouth* or *Somer Hill* or *Windsor*. The penetration and unaging truth of his perception are as unrepeated today as they were revelation then.

Turner's revelation, or invention, gave landscape painting the impetus for which it had waited, virtually stationary, for about a century and a quarter. The art had been like a train halted on the tracks; save for a little shunting and jolting, back and forth, there had been no advance since the third quarter of the XVII Century. The current of Dutch realistic and Italianate Classic landscape painting, pretty stagnant by now, joined in Turner, and swollen by his force, swept forward to modern landscape. As we think about it, we see that no advance in landscape painting was possible, save in the direction Turner gave. What Reynolds called

entire key of his color scheme, "like musicians of transcendent skill, who while they expose much less than others the extremes of the compass of their instruments, produce superior melody." No landscape painter, he suspected, had ever before so successfully caught "the living lustre of Nature herself." Though some critics obstinately rebuked Turner for his lack of "Flemish finish," or for neglecting the good old recipe of *repoussoir*, to foil and throw up his lights, others saw that here was revelation. I don't suppose that anyone before Shakespeare expressed his perception of the storm-churned sea as "the yeasty waves, confounding and swallowing navigation up." But who having read that phrase — "the yeasty waves" — has watched the sea without a heightened sense, because of its felicity and truth?



FIG. 7. — TURNER. — Wells Cathedral, South Wales Sketchbook. — British Museum, London.



FIG. 8. — TURNER. — Mortlake Terrace, Early Summer Morning. — Frick Collection, New York. *Courtesy of the Frick Collection.*

the “accident of Nature,” or as we might say the capricious, never-ceasing effects of light-filled air and weather, had been strictly subject in Italianate landscape to “the principles by which history painting acquired perfect form.” The highest mission of classical landscape painters had been to take you back to Rome: landscape was a sort of bungalow-annex to historical painting. The Dutch genius, uninhibited by classical tradition (in which human attributes and ideas only were worthy of the greatest artists) had opened the way to the ultimate ascendancy of landscape painting. With Pieter de Hooch and Vermeer about, we might have expected from Dutch landscape and marine painting the anticipation of Turner’s invention. But this is not the moment to discuss the profound question: why had landscape art to wait till Turner was ready, in 1810, or so, to carry it beyond the mark left by Cuyt and Ruysdael?

Put in the shortest way, Turner’s invention was perception of what later on was called *plein-air*. But that by no means accounts for the pictures he painted from about 1806 onward, nor for the difference between Turner and XIX and early XX Century Impressionism. A fuller explanation would include

Turner's inheritance of old experience and knowledge of the science of picture-making. In his own words, he never ceased to check Nature by "the practicability of Art," which he regarded as important as checking Art by Nature. Thus his constant endeavor was to strike a balance between the infinite and the rigid limitations of picture-making. But the cardinal factor was the internal fabric of his mind, and its attunement to the deeper meanings of Infinity. In other words he is one of the great poets. *Plein-air* was not for him an end in itself, so much as the gateway to an unimagined freedom and wonder.

Some idea of how his pictures struck observers at about this time, is given by Hazlitt's criticism. In one of his "Round Table" essays (1816) he said that Turner's pictures were too much abstractions of aerial perspective; they were representations not of the objects of Nature so much as of the medium through which they are seen. "They are pictures of the elements, of air, earth and water." Of *Dido and Aeneas* it was said: "The eye wanders entranced and unwearied over the picture, so infinite in variety and beauty are the objects which solicit attention." In 1815 *Dido Building Carthage* and *Crossing the Brook* literally dazzled beholders by their brilliant pitch; they were spoken of as sublime, daring, extraordinary, surpassing Claude, Rubens, and Poussin; Turner was "the greatest of all living geniuses." Lawrence, writing from Rome in 1819, intoxicated by the beauty and the wonder of Tivoli, was a pioneer of succeeding generations whose view of the world was charged and intensified by Turner. Turner, said Lawrence, must come to Rome. Only he could render the "subtle harmony of this atmosphere, that wraps everything in its own milky sweetness." As he looked about the country, it was Turner, more than Claude, who came to his mind. For Turner's new pitch of light and new perception of light-filled air, circulating everywhere, had revealed to Lawrence a new glory in the world. And of one of the pictures in America — the Frick Collection's *Dieppe* (Fig. 9) — Crabb Robinson wrote in his Diary in 1825: "A magnificent view of Dieppe. If Turner *will* invent an atmosphere and a play of colours all his own, why will he not assume a romantic name for his pictures — a 'Garden of Armida' or even 'of Eden'? But we know Dieppe, in the North of France, and can't easily clothe it in such fairy hues. I can understand why Constable and Collins are preferred."

Commenting on Robinson's idea that poetical, or imaginative, art should deal only with fairyland, and not with the life around us — notwithstanding that he admired Wordsworth — Finberg might be taken to imply a distinction between Turner's actual perception and his poetical, or imaginative, rendering of that perception. I do not think he does; and if we were to believe that Turner consciously transposed what he had observed into another and fanciful key, we should be wrong. A note he made on Poussin's *Deluge*, in the Louvre, is significant. The color, he wrote, is "sublime and *natural*, because it is what a creative



FIG. 9. — TURNER. — Dieppe. — Frick Collection, New York. *Courtesy of the Frick Collection.*

mind must be impressed with by sympathy and horror." What Finberg means, of course, is that if Crabb Robinson accepted Wordsworth's "The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep," and Enobarbus' immortal description of his first, enthralled vision of Cleopatra — "The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne, Burned on the water; the poop was beaten gold, Purple the sails, and so perfumed that The winds were love-sick with them . . ." — then, surely, he might have expected Turner to see more in Dieppe, in the North of France, than he himself could. Joseph Severn had the matter more rightly when he said: "Turner's works [shown in Rome] were like the doings of a poet who had taken to the brush."

It is almost impossible for us to see Turner's pitch of light and color with the eyes of 1825. To them his vivid sunlight and brilliant palette seemed as artificial as, twenty-five years before, his quiet, silvery color had appeared extravagant. Used to heavily varnished paintings by old masters, and with no idea that, when first executed, Titian's or Tintoretto's paintings must have been much brighter than was supposed possible, some of Turner's critics were horrified by his approach to the actual pitch of Nature. The "intemperance of bright colour" was taken as a text; young artists were advised to return to the sober brownness

of De Wint. In particular, Turner's yellows and intense blues jarred. What was happening was that he was seeing sunlight and sunlit atmosphere with an entirely new vision, and was reveling in the fact, now perceived, that color out-of-doors is almost incredibly intensified, if not altered, by juxtapositions and oppositions. In 1816 he was already painting trees in separate touches of blue and yellow to produce the effect of green at a distance. He was seeing these things with the clarity and emotion that attended Enobarbus' first sight of Cleopatra. And we must bear in mind that Turner was probably unique in his intercourse with Nature. He was out in all weathers from sunrise to twilight; in his long span of life he must have spent many years in the open, absorbing effects that no other had then noticed, but which, if we speak loosely, are now stale. They were not staled by Turner, but by the inevitable imitations of shallow followers. From about 1806, when he was painting *Sun Rising Through Vapour*, Turner, as Finberg says, "was a great innovator, a fertile inventor of new forms of pictorial expression, and the most vital and inspiring figure in European art since Rembrandt." Not one of the important British landscape painters of his time — Constable, Crome and Cotman — but was inspired by him. His inspiration was fertile in XIX Century Impressionism, has lasted into our own time, and will continue.

Some idea of the progression of Turner's vision of light and immensity may be grasped if we note a few pictures and their dates. The *Bay of Baiae*, 1823; the Frick Collection *Dieppe*, 1825 (Fig. 9), and *Mortlake*, 1826 (Fig. 8); *Petworth Park*, *Petworth Interior* and *Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus*, all of 1829; the *Fire at Sea*, 1834; *Burning of the House of Commons* (1835); *Ehrenbreitstein* (1835); the *Téméraire* (1839); the *Evening Star*; *Tivoli*, and the *Arch of Constantine* (1840); *Snowstorm* (1842); *Burial of Wilkie* (1842); *Rain, Steam and Speed* and *Port Ruysdael*, 1844; and in 1845 his Venetian lagoon pieces, *Going to the Ball* and *Returning from the Ball*. Among these, at various times, he produced those notations of light, immensity and color. They have not faded; they resemble large water-colors in their fluent directness of technique and purity of color.

His quest for the means of expressing the infinity of light and light-transfigured atmosphere, inevitably led Turner toward a kind of abstraction — not the sort that is popular today. His explorations were made not in the dark, uneasy places of his own subconscious, but in the immensity of elements in which we all have our being. More and more he seems to have recognized that he must use color in a symbolical way, as a medium akin to musical expression.⁴ It is interesting to note what young Thackeray said in 1838 about that splendid orchestration, the *Fighting Téméraire*. "When," he wrote, "the art of translating colors into

4. Between 1820 and 1830 he made a series of *Studies for the Fundamental Color-Structure*; he read and annotated GOETHE'S *Theory of Color*.

music or poetry shall be discovered *The Fighting Téméraire* will be found a magnificent ode, or piece of music." A little later Ruskin met Turner for the first time. In his young eyes the master was "the painter and poet of the day"; "the greatest man of the age." But on the whole, as we must suppose, the tendency in Turner's work to subordinate form to light and color made him the butt of common critics. Even in our time the formlessness of many late works has been excused as the weakness of physical, if not mental, powers. This is rubbish. In 1844, when just seventy, Turner exhibited such masterpieces as *Port Ruisdael* and *Rain, Steam and Speed*; was stumping up and down the Rhine valleys with his sketch book, and trying to get over the Alps on foot in storms of rain — "twice I tried and was sent back, with a wet jacket and worn-out boots." Till he was well in his seventies his work came forth strong and creative. Only in the last year or so of his seventy-six, did his body fail; his mind, no longer served efficiently by his hand, remained creative to the last.

His formlessness — if by that we mean the subordination of solid, modeled things (like castles, mountains, cattle, boats things with which his earlier works are well supplied) to the tumult of the elements, to light and color, symbolizing light — was inseparable from his growing obsession with the infinity of Nature. I think I am right in saying that much of what we know of his latest period, to which the most radiant and immaterial of his light and color notations belong, is learned from his working material, his private, unpublished thoughts and experiments. They might be likened to the music a composer makes in moments of urgent inspiration, or in trying to capture phrases that haunt him. Turner's more secret hours must have been filled with efforts to get down on canvas what was haunting him — perhaps a dream in which infinity was at last revealed. Like his oil sketches of yacht racing (about 1827), which delight us by their airiness and buoyant motion, and suggest by their freshness the pristine appearance of his finished pictures, these experiments were not exhibited; indeed, they did not come to light till he had been dead for more than fifty years.

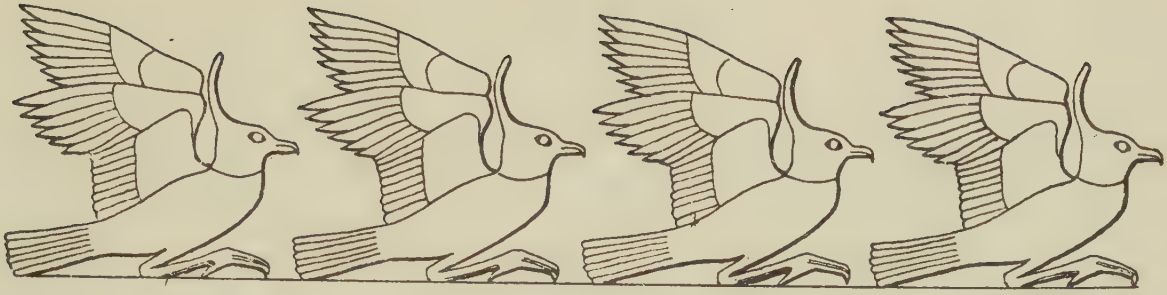
As to the greatness of Turner, our estimate of that must depend on our conception of the highest function of art — painting and poetry, sculpture and architecture. Do we throw in our lot with Shelley, whose creed was that poetry should strip the common and familiar from Nature, and lay bare the spirit lying within the familiar appearance? Or do we adhere to the belief of the moment, in which a more physical and material function is preferred? In Shelley's belief, the transcendent, the mysterious, the spiritual, are implicit — intimations of some ultimate freedom from physical existence. His imagery; Keats's; Wordsworth's; Shakespeare's, are of the fabric that today seems rhetorical.

Today, we are told, poets, and painters too, are trying to understand themselves through symbols that arise from a more than rhetorically heightened

Nature. The more familiar and physical their imagery and the nearer their approach to the "frankness" of the Tudor period, the clearer it is that "they see the world in greater fullness and with greater honesty" than did Keats, Wordsworth, and Turner — the rhetoricians. Had Turner approached Kansas City from the east at sunrise, and seen the grain elevators rearing off the misty plain, he would have revealed in them something comparable with *Thorney Abbey* or *Norham Castle*, rising into the miracle of a new dawn, aloof from material, human association, transfigured by light and atmosphere. The artist of today would rather interpret the elevators in the hard light of noon, and emphasize their commercial function and association with the Wheat Pit in Chicago. This brings us round again to the problem: What is the highest function of the artist? The question of greater honesty does not arise, but that of greater fullness is most pertinent.

Turner, there is no doubt, was what we call a Romantic. But I hardly like to think of the Tudor frankness of his speech had a friend said so to his face. In his early, topographic days he objectively went through a full experience of concrete form. In his first and second periods of oil painting he thoroughly explored solid mass and weight. From those hard, physical things his mind went on to consider light, vapor and the infinity of Nature. As we can see in some of his pictures — the *Fire at Sea*, the *Interior at Petworth*, *Constantine's Arch*, the *Snowstorm* and *Norham Sunrise* — he penetrated farther into that world than any other painter. Did he rhetorically heighten Nature? Or did he go as far as mortal may in stripping away the common and familiar, and in revealing the mysterious and spiritual truth? "Rhetorical" implies artificiality or extravagance: the intention to impress. Every shred of evidence we have on Turner shows, not the design to impress — he was as indifferent to popular opinion as man can be — but an insatiable need to express what he actually perceived and felt. Our estimate of his greatness, then, depends on whether we find that his approach to the infinite is confining and dishonest, or whether, like so many generations before us, we have, through Turner, found understanding and extension. The wisdom of Reynolds is appropriate by way of conclusion of a study of Turner's art, even though Reynolds never guessed that the landscapes of a silent, big-nosed lad, who had just entered the Academy schools, would do for the British school what no amount of history painting would effect. Reynolds closed his *Thirteenth Discourse* thus: "The arts in their highest province are not addressed to the gross senses but to the desires of the mind, to that spark of divinity which we have within, impatient of being circumscribed and pent up by the world that is about us. Just so much as our art has of this, just so much dignity — I had almost said divinity — it exhibits." And if this were a toast, I would couple Turner's name with this Reynolds's sentence.

C. H. COLLINS BAKER.



FELIX FENEON

—II—



FIG. 1. — One of the last photographs of Félix Fénéon.

FELIX FENEON's implication in a sensational lawsuit in which he was accused — together with thieves, crooks, maniacs and some diehard anarchists — of membership in a society of malefactors, brought within the spotlight the hitherto rather self-effacing art critic and editor of little decadent magazines. His composure remained undisturbed, though he was faced with the possibility of spending several years behind prison bars. During the preliminary examination he obstinately refused to speak. When a junior attorney, Thadée Natanson, founder of the young "Revue Blanche," visited him in Mazas prison and offered his services, Fénéon was mainly concerned about receiving him in such unattrac-

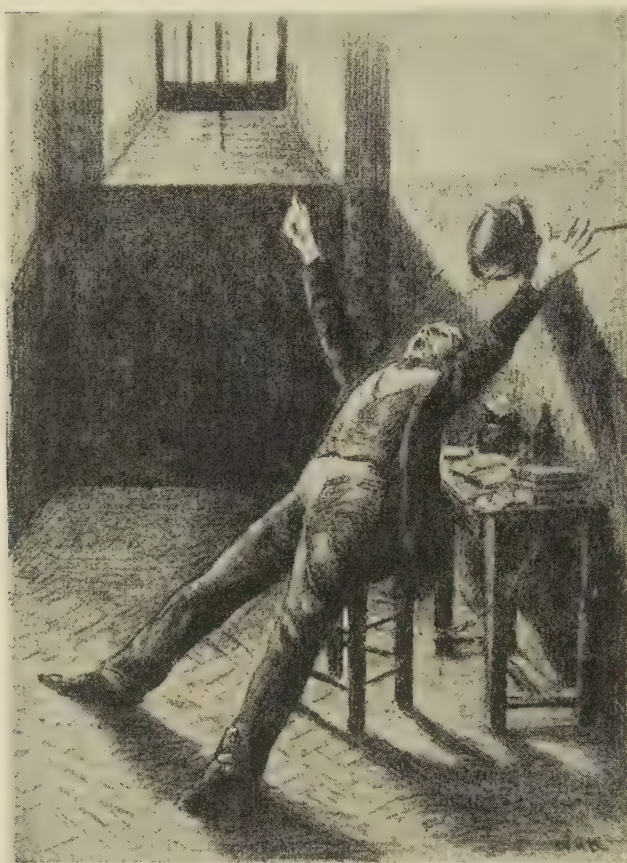


FIG. 2. — MAXIMILIEN LUCE. — Félix Fénéon in Mazas Prison, lithograph, 1894.

tive quarters. Natanson insisted that he would be pleased to bring the prisoner whatever he might desire. Fénéon declared that he did not want any thing. But at last he formulated a wish: "They are rather avaricious here as to shoepolish," he said. "If you would be kind enough to bring me a small box. . . ."¹ (Several years later, Fénéon's dear friend, Alfred Jarry, author of *Ubu Roi*, was to express a similarly surprising request. On his hospitable deathbed he asked a visitor for some toothpicks and then expired contentedly, his eyes cast to the end upon the little stick he lovingly held in his hand).

The hour of the public trial approached, but all the examining magistrate had been able to obtain from Fénéon was the statement that the flask found in his office had been given to him by his father who had died a few months earlier. Other-

wise, Fénéon remained silent; and this was held strongly against him. He seemed not to care and left it to the prosecution to find proof of his alleged wrongdoing. The conservative "Le Temps" commented angrily:

"Fénéon is intelligent and well educated. A senior clerk at the War Ministry, he is considered an excellent employee. In his official life he maintained an outer correctness which permitted no suspicion of his inner feelings. He was a two-faced person: during the day a quiet and solemn civil servant, in the evening he received in his home Ortiz and Emile Henry. He wrote for anarchist papers and had acquired, in a few decadent publications, real authority over certain young people with a neurotic and strange interest in literary peculiarity. . . .

"After Emile Henry threw his bomb at the Hôtel Terminus, the latter's comrades rushed to his villa, broke down the door and seized the chemicals, apparatus and products, notably a yellow flask containing mercury which Emile Henry had left in his room. Their motive was to preserve explosive materials which might

1. T. NATANSON, *Ceux de la Revue Blanche*, Félix Fénéon, Broadcast, Paris, Nov. 25, 1938.

serve for further crimes. Then, during a search made at the War Ministry, on April 26, 1894, in a room adjoining Fénéon's office, a yellow flask one-third full of mercury was seized, as well as a box of matches of Belgian or English make, containing twelve detonators filled with explosive mercury, identical with those which Emile Henry used in preparing his bomb, and with those which Pauwels was carrying on his person at the time of his attack upon the church of La Madeleine."²

But even "Le Temps" was forced to admit that "the identity of the flask of mercury removed from Henry's villa with that belonging to Fénéon is not clearly established. . . . By refusing to furnish any explanation, Fénéon has left the field free for all kinds of supposition." Yet, since it was impossible to condemn anybody on supposition alone, "Le Temps" was reduced to announcing regretfully: "Justice, restricting itself to that which is materially and legally proved, brings against him, for this reason, only the offense of possessing explosives without legitimate motive." Fénéon's silence had thus helped him win the first round; the government had been unable to prove anything against him.

What was Fénéon's real part in the anarchist activities of those days? I do not think that even today anybody really knows the extent of his complicity, that is, where the hidden explosives in his possession came from. But it seems doubtful to me that he was completely innocent. Certainly, he was not a bomb-thrower; he may not even have been wholly in favor of anarchist tactics, but he was an intimate friend of Emile Henry, the juvenile idealist responsible for a frightful explosion at the Hôtel Terminus. Henry obliged the police by admitting to more crimes than he could have possibly committed during

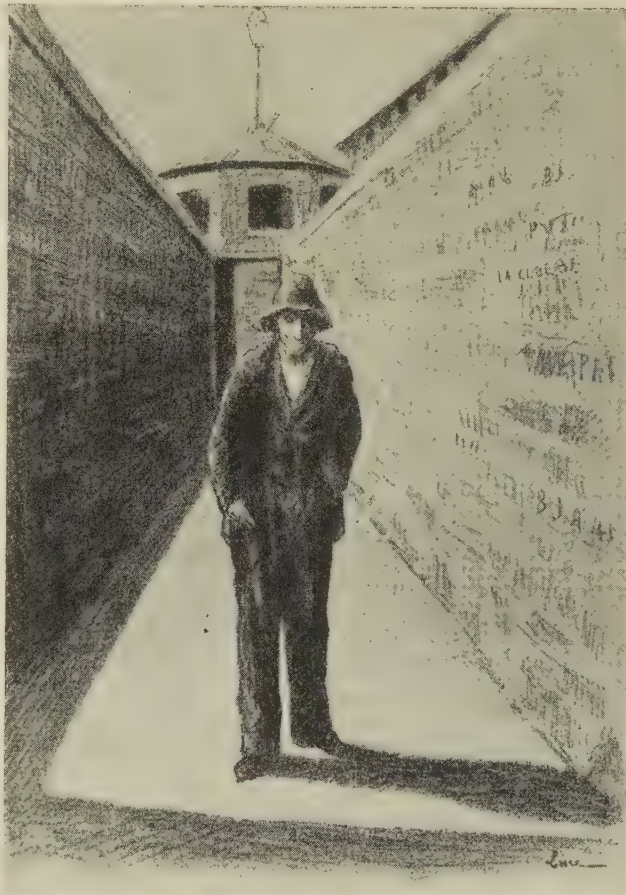


FIG. 3 — MAXIMILIEN LUCE. — Félix Fénéon in Mazas Prison, lithograph, 1894.

2. "Le Temps," Aug. 7, 1894.

a short life which ended under the guillotine, while the examination of Fénéon was still in progress. Fénéon's wife once told me that her husband had agreed to keep Henry's will and that, when his home was searched prior to his arrest, Fénéon's mother had had the presence of mind to throw the compromising document out of the window. Can it be surprising, then, that Fénéon should have been entrusted with the hiding of some of his friend's explosives? And wasn't it obvious that he should have kept them in his office at the War Ministry where nobody would suspect them? When the explosives were discovered, Fénéon was determined not to give his secret away, to go to prison rather than to exonerate himself by implicating others. But he was also determined to give the prosecutor a hell of a time.

Before the jury, which began its hearings on August 5, 1894, Fénéon took a diabolic pleasure in quietly demolishing the prosecutor's "soundest" conclusions, in putting his finger on the threadbare arguments of exasperated jurists. His replies were short and dry, but the audience listened breathlessly. Nobody yet had dared to speak in such way to the court, had mocked it with such modest serenity, had played cat and mouse with it: the cat sitting among the accused and the mouse hiding behind the president's desk. His examination was short:

PRESIDENT: Your concierge asserts that you received persons of low character.

FENEON: I receive no one but writers and painters.

PRESIDENT: Matha, the anarchist, stopped at your home when he came to Paris.

FENEON: Perhaps he was short of money.

PRESIDENT: At the examination you refused to give information about Matha and about Ortiz.

FENEON: I did not care to say anything that might compromise them. I should behave in the same manner toward you, Your Honor, if the occasion arose.

PRESIDENT: Detonators were found in your office. Where did they come from?

FENEON: My father had picked them up in the street.

PRESIDENT: How do you explain detonators being found in the street?

FENEON: The police magistrate asked me why I had not thrown them out of the window instead of taking them to the Ministry. You see, one may find detonators in the street.

PRESIDENT: Your father would not have kept these things. He was an employee of the Banque de France and it is difficult to see what he could have done with them.

FENEON: I do not actually think that he should have used them any more than his son who was an employee of the War Ministry.

PRESIDENT: Here is a flask found in your office. Do you recognize it?

FENEON: The flask is similar, certainly.

PRESIDENT: Emile Henry, in prison, recognized this flask as having belonged to him.

FENEON: If a barrel of mercury had been shown Emile Henry, he would have immediately recognized it. He was not free of a certain bragging spirit.

PRESIDENT: You have said that you thought the detonators were not explosives. Now, Monsieur Girard has performed experiments that prove them to be dangerous.

FENEON: That shows that I was mistaken.

PRESIDENT: You know that mercury is used in making a dangerous explosive?

FENEON: It is also used to make barometers.³

The next day, the newspapers published a verbatim account of Fénéon's court examination. Overnight he had become famous. The reporters particularly relished one incident: the prosecutor opened a letter which had just come in and soiled his hands with its unappetizing contents. He denounced the friends of the accused for this indelicate demonstration, then asked to be excused that he might wash up. Turning toward his lawyer, Fénéon commented calmly in the general silence: "Since Pontius Pilate, no magistrate has washed his hands so ostentatiously."

When the witnesses for the defense presented themselves, Stéphane Mallarmé appeared and testified that with Fénéon he had had literary dealings which enabled him to appreciate the breadth of his intellect eager to investigate everything new. "*Je connais Félix Fénéon,*" Mallarmé said. "*Il est aimé de tous. Je lui ai voué de la sympathie parce que c'est un homme doux et droit et un esprit très fin. Nous nous rencontrâmes chez moi, les soirs où je réunis des amis, pour causer. Il n'est personne qui ne se plût à le rencontrer. Je n'ai jamais entendu, ni aucun de mes hôtes, Fénéon traiter un sujet étranger à l'art. Je le sais supérieur à l'emploi de quoi que ce soit, autre que la littérature, pour exprimer sa pensée. Je suis venu au devant d'une citation, moins encore à cause de mon goût, qui est très vif, pour lui, que dans un intérêt de vérité.*" And in reply to a question, Mallarmé added: "*Oui, certainement, un des critiques les plus subtils et les plus aigus que nous ayons.*"⁴

A professor from the Sorbonne also testified in Fénéon's favor, as did his former superior at the War Ministry who impressed the jury by stating that Fénéon had been a model employee who had won rapid advancement and might have hoped to reach the highest posts.

The prosecutor finally asked a moderate penalty for Fénéon and most of the accused. During the speech of his lawyer, Fénéon, with eyelids closed, sitting as if he were fastened to his bench, remained completely impassive. Not a muscle moved in his face; he was impenetrable. After one week of hearings and after almost three hours of deliberation, the jury returned its verdict: twenty-two of the accused were acquitted, among them Félix Fénéon. "Le Temps" considered this "regrettable,"

3. Quoted by J. PAULHAN, *F. F. ou le Critique*, Paris, 1945, pp. 26-30.

4. See: HENRI MONDOR, *Vie de Mallarmé*, Paris, 1941, pp. 688-689.

the liberal press hailed the independence of the jury who had refused to accept the shaky evidence supplied by the prosecution.

Fénéon was free again. He declined to give any interviews, showed no interest in his sudden fame, merely a desire to be forgotten. From prison he went directly to Thadée Natanson's. There and then began a friendship of many decades. Fénéon immediately entered as editorial assistant at the "Revue Blanche," founded in 1891 by Natanson and his two brothers. Though only three years old, the "Revue Blanche" already held an important position in French literary life, owing to the fact that it was not tied up with any of the opposing factions of symbolism and naturalism. From its very beginning, it had denied that these antagonists monopolized the truth; its policy was to publish anything of interest, from wherever it came, whatever the age or renown of its author. Its sole standard was quality. And this formula had appealed to all those tired of the internal quarrels of literary cliques.

At the "Revue Blanche" Fénéon found work entirely to his liking. He no longer had to write (he cast aside for good the precious language, the peculiar style he had created for his art criticism). He could now once more disseminate literature and art by surrounding himself with new talents, nursing them along, offering them a stage for their efforts. The list of contributors which he helped attract to the "Revue Blanche" is not only impressive, it is actually a most complete list of those whose names were to survive. Fénéon himself later said:

"The 'Revue Blanche' was unique in that, far from playing to the public, it offered in each issue some bitter surprises, for it was free of moral and social superstitions. Its literary quality is attested by the frequent appearance in its list of contents of Paul Adam, Claude Anet, Tristan Bernard, Romain Coolus, André Gide, Remy de Gourmont, Alfred Jarry, Gustave Kahn, Pierre Louys, Maurice Maeterlinck, Octave Mirbeau, Marcel Proust, René Schwob, Jules Renard, Emile Verhaeren, Paul Verlaine, Maxim Gorki, Francis Jammes, August Strindberg. . . . Allowing that some of these have faded, as time went on, at least the 'Revue Blanche' published them in their bloom and their prime. But the name of Stéphane Mallarmé is more impressive, and many of his *Divagations* appeared there for the first time."⁵

What Fénéon did not mention was his personal share in attracting such authors to the "Revue," as well as those by the name of Apollinaire and Claudel, Péguy and Charles-Louis Philippe. What he failed to mention was that the "Revue Blanche" published the first manuscript of a painter then almost forgotten on a Pacific island, Gauguin's *Noa Noa*, that its literary reviews were signed by a promising but completely unknown young man, Léon Blum, that its musical column was run by Claude Debussy, that he himself introduced to the "Revue" the paint-

5. Quoted by E. DEVERIN, *Fénéon l'Enigmatique*, in: "Mercure de France," Noy. 15, 1934.

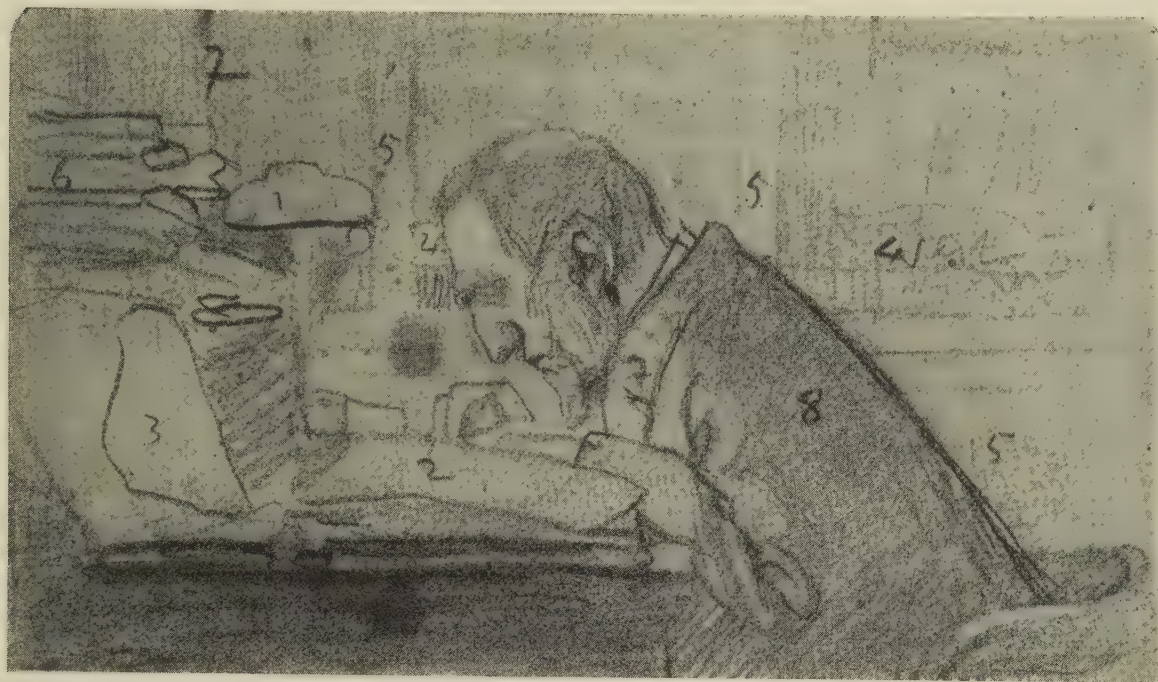


FIG. 4. — FÉLIX VALLOTTON. — Félix Fénéon at the "Revue Blanche," drawing, 1896. — J. Rodrigues-Henriques Collection, Paris (Study for the painting reproduced as Fig. 5).

ers Signac and Matisse, while Bonnard, Vuillard and Lautrec came to it through their friendship with the Natansons.

Léon Blum later remembered that the "Revue's" "editorial secretary was an astounding person of immutable phlegm, of a courteousness as sarcastic and devious as an arabesque, who put on the face of Uncle Sam in Anglo-Saxon caricatures."⁶ During the Dreyfus trials the captain's lawyer, a friend of Thadée Natanson's, quickly succeeded in convincing the editor of the "Revue Blanche" of Dreyfus' innocence, and the entire "Revue" soon became a militant defender of his cause. Natanson and Blum were no little surprised when they found out that without any expert legal advice, Fénéon had already become convinced of the captain's innocence.

During the almost ten years which he gave to the "Revue Blanche," until it ceased publication in 1903, Fénéon's own name appeared only three times, and on two of these occasions under translations of Edgar Allen Poe and Jane Austen. This is not to say, however, that he did not write something every now and then. But writing no longer was his vocation; it had become his profession and he exercised it with the same anonymity with which an office employee attends to his job. It seemed much more convenient, for instance, to sign the name of some contributor, such as Willy (one-time husband of Colette). It almost appears as if it were

6. LEON BLUM, *Souvenirs sur l'Affaire*, Paris, 1935, p. 94.

painful for Fénéon to see his name in print. Instead, he liked to guide the work of others. "He never had to give any instructions," according to Lugné-Poe; "it was enough to meet him, to exchange a few words with him, in order to guess and accept the orientation which a piece of work or an article should follow. . . . Super-sensitive to painting, Fénéon impressed an ardent, fertile power upon the art column of the "Revue Blanche"; he was its keystone, the more so as he pretended to delight in achieving his happiness and quietude by remaining in the background, leaving to those who relished them the futile honors of the front page."⁷

No longer an author, Fénéon had become the guardian angel of Letters, he had become the "Revue Blanche." Even its editors did not hesitate to acknowledge that Fénéon, more than its founders, was identical with the "Revue."

He seemed to be at the office day and night. "His accuracy," Natanson later said, "suggested perfection and explained his taste for figures, the most concise expression of reality."⁸ Always at work, the kind of noisy audience that most often surrounded him would have prevented any other person from doing anything."⁹ He was never disturbed by the animated conversations of his friends and paid no attention to indifferent visitors. An intruder would be gratified by one glance before Fénéon went back to his work. Once a particularly insistent visitor gesticulated and raised his voice; Fénéon, wearied, finally turned to him and said suavely "But can't you see that I am deaf and dumb?"

Fénéon's wit was the constant delight of all those who met him at the "Revue Blanche." A few words sufficed to sum up a situation, unmask a fiend, crush pretensions. When, during the Dreyfus *affaire*, the "Revue Blanche" decided to publish a collective protest against the condemnation of the innocent captain, only one contributor declined to sign, Willy, among whose ghost-writers Fénéon himself had been. "This is the first time," Fénéon commented, "that Willy refuses to sign a text which he did not write." But generally Fénéon refrained from being

7. LUGNÉ-POE, *La Parade*, III, Paris, 1933, p. 37.

8. This taste for figures had been exalted by the publication in 1888 of CHARLES HENRY's *Cercle Chromatique Présentant tous les Compléments et toutes les Harmonies de Couleurs* and his *Rapporteur Aesthétique Permettant l'Etude et la Rectification Aesthétique de toute Forme*. "Désormais," FÉNEON wrote in the "Revue Indépendante," "muni du rapporteur et du triple-décimètre esthétiques de Charles Henry, l'âme sereine et sans tant de phrases, le critique enrégistrera le rythme et la mesure des colorations, des angles, des lignes, écrira un nom, un titre et quelques chiffres; et, dans la table dressée par M. Bronislas Zebrowski pour les dix premiers billions, le lecteur vérifiera si les nombres qui symbolisent telle oeuvre d'art sont de la forme 2" ou nombres premiers de la forme 2" x 1." FÉNEON's attempt to introduce figures into art criticism was immediately gently mocked by WILLY and ALFRED ERNST in their anonymously published *Lettres de l'Ouvreuse*, Paris, 1890: "[FÉNEON] a empoisonné les derniers jours de Philippe Burty [expert of Japanese prints] en lui déclarant que Harunobou ayant pour caractéristique 91, pour indicateurs d'écart 11, de dynamogénie 0,38, d'inhibition 0,73, et les plus veules indicateurs d'acuité, de diversité, de variété, de complexité et de complication, n'était qu'une sorte de Cot ou de Ballavoine, mais que le tori-i Ki-yomitsu . . . oh! les souples et vigoureux chiffres! C'est sa façon de faire de la critique d'art." And they added: "Il change de prénom tous les mois (Félix, Elie, Porphyre, Thérèse, etc.) pour dépister la renommée, mais en vain." (p. 270).

9. THADÉE NATANSON, *Op. cit.*

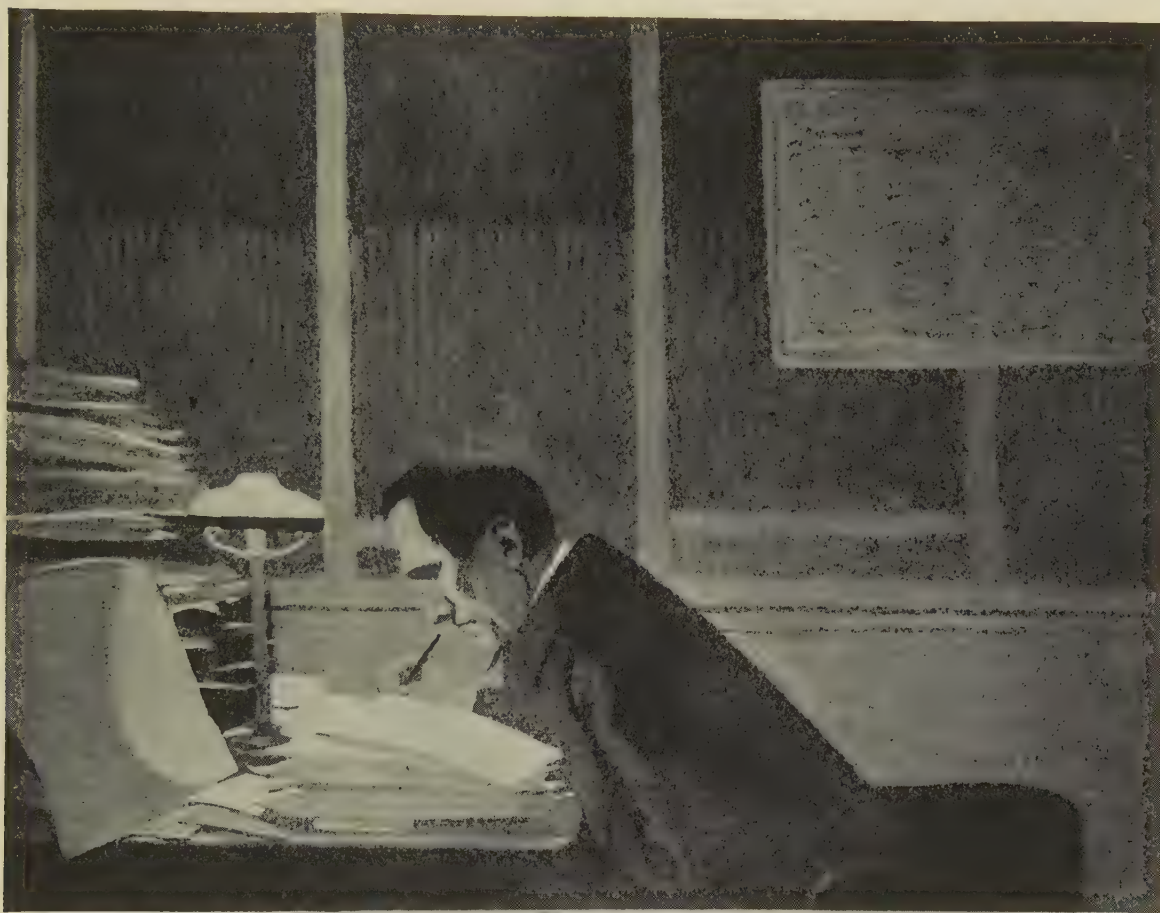


FIG. 5. — FÉLIX VALLOTTON. — Félix Fénéon at the "Revue Blanche," painting, 1896. — J. Rodrigues-Henriques Collection, Paris.

openly unpleasant — it was too easy. He left, quite to the contrary, a lasting impression of urbanity even upon those whose manuscripts he rejected. He always found somehow an encouraging word; nobody ever felt humiliated by a rejection from Fénéon. "Don't be discouraged," he would say, for instance. "Besides, you're not an old man yet."¹⁰

It seems natural that a man whose courtesy manifested itself even when he rejected manuscripts was able to find the most exquisite compliments when he was pleased with a work. The one complimenting obviously felt as much pleasure in doing so as the one who was being flattered. Even when exaggerating, Fénéon seemed to proceed with a certain reticence far from quick enthusiasm, a reticence which made his favorable opinions still more valuable. His compliments were always worded in some unexpected way and, when addressed to friends, were tinted with a certain tenderness. To a young author who had devoted a study to the

10. E. DEVERIN, *Op. cit.*

friendship of two great men, he wrote: "Your two heroes are not always very pleasant to listen to, especially when they speak in verse. But from one end of the book to the other, there is someone present, always sensible, precise, subtle, full of resourcefulness and, although he avoids coming to the fore, it is a constant pleasure to listen to that third person — which is you."

If there has ever been a professional proofreader who was meticulous without being pedantic, unerringly correct but never despotic, extremely serious without relinquishing a sense of humor, if there ever was one whose intellectual capacities equalled those of any author he dealt with, whose knowledge of words and feeling for syntax went beyond that of many of his writers, it was Fénéon. Though it may not be right to say that he had any passion, nothing pleased him more than to handle words, to extract their hidden meaning, to give a new ring even to the most tired vocables. Bent over a paper-laden desk, his back to the office, Fénéon silently applied his magic touch to manuscripts and galleys.

The painters who observed Fénéon at the "Revue Blanche" have all shown him in the same pose, his tall frame more or less uneasily jammed between chair and table. Bonnard has sketched him thus, absorbed in his work, while Mirbeau and Régnier chat and, in the background, the Natanson brothers confer (Fig. 7). Vuillard has painted him alone in his office; though the plump composure of Fénéon's body occupies the center of Vuillard's canvas, it is his long head, bent over papers, almost buried in them, which conveys the impression of intense concentration (Fig. 6). And Vallotton has seen Fénéon at night, again at the same desk, with a small lamp casting a crude glare on the manuscripts and powerfully modeling the bony structure of Fénéon's head (Figs. 4 and 5). Bonnard, Vuillard, Vallotton — and also Lautrec — might rightly be considered "the painters of the 'Revue Blanche'." They designed posters for it, occasionally did marginal illustrations and contributed original lithographs to several albums published by the review.

The "Revue Blanche" had the great advantage over those periodicals for which Fénéon had worked before his arrest in that it paid its staff and its contributors. Since he managed to live upon almost nothing, Fénéon soon was able to buy paintings by his friends — some, naturally, were given to him — and to acquire among other things from Seurat's family *Une Baignade*, the large canvas which had first revealed to him the genius of the young and unknown artist. But Fénéon did more than just provide himself with the pleasure of contemplating Seurat's masterpieces. In 1900, almost twenty years after the death of his friend, he organized under the auspices of the "Revue Blanche" the first large one-man show of Seurat. It was a revelation, and quite a number of paintings and drawings were sold, at very low prices, of course.¹¹ Pissarro bought half a dozen drawings, Fé-

11. Framed drawings sold for 100 francs, unframed ones for 10 francs each.



FIG. 6. — EDOUARD VUILLARD. — Félix Fénéon at the "Revue Blanche," painting. — Solomon R. Guggenheim Foundation, New York.

néon bought even more, the French museums bought none. With Seurat's fame spreading, Fénéon was soon approached by a dealer who offered a good price for *Une Baignade*. He refused to part with it. The dealer increased his bid. Fénéon declined. The dealer insisted, arguing that he was really offering a very high price. "With that money what could I do," Fénéon parried, "except buy the painting back from you?"

To preside over the monthly issues of the "Revue Blanche" and to organize exhibitions of young painters was apparently not enough to satisfy Fénéon's appetite for work. The "Revue Blanche" began to publish books. Its imprint appeared not only on Gauguin's *Noa Noa* but on Signac's *D'Eugène Delacroix au Néo-Impressionnisme*, on Mirbeau's *Diary of a Chambermaid*, on the first book by Léon Blum, and on the first book illustrated by Bonnard, on Dr. Mardrus' celebrated new translation of the *Arabian Nights*, on novels and plays by Knut Hamsun, Gerhard Hauptmann, Alfred Jarry, and on Sienkiewicz's "best-seller," *Quo*

Vadis? But in spite of the extended activities of the "Revue," in spite of the high esteem in which it was held in literary and artistic circles, its circulation decreased. Was it because of the lack of new controversial issues, the apathy which had seized France after the Dreyfus tempest? It certainly was not because of a decline in quality. Yet, in 1903, the "Revue Blanche" ceased to exist.

Looking for a new job, Fénéon succeeded in convincing the editor of the daily morning paper, "Le Matin," that he could condense into three lines each the gist of petty crimes, provincial murders, local scandals, accidents, etc. What induced him to take over, of his own free will, the department known among French journalists as that of "run-over dogs" and usually handed out to unhappy newcomers who worked hard in order to obtain more rewarding assignments? This might seem a mystery, were it not that Fénéon found here a unique challenge to his stylistic prowess. Indeed, he handled his task with such mastery that the "run-over dogs" column became a literary delight. The readers of "Le Matin," rummaging for hair-raising crimes while digesting their café-crème and croissant, must have been quite startled to find in their paper such items as:

"In Caen, the singer Luigi Ognibene inflicted two bullet-wounds on Madelon Deveaux, who did not wish him to monopolize her beauty."

"Silot, a valet, during his master's absence, set up in Neuilly a lady of pleasure, then disappeared, carrying off everything except her."

"Twelve years penal servitude to Portebotte; he killed at Le Havre wanton Nini-la-Chèvre over whom he believed himself to have certain rights."

"In the Bois de Boulogne, the torso of a dismembered man has been discovered. Commissioner Durbec has been entrusted with the elucidation of this crime, which has at present neither head nor tail."

"If my candidate is beaten, I shall kill myself, M. Blanchard of Ploubalzanec used to repeat during the electoral campaign. He killed himself."

"Train 515 killed near Montheart Mme Dutertre. An accident, it is believed, though she was very poor."

"Love. At Mirecourt, a weaver, Colas, planted a bullet in the head of Mlle Fleckenger, then treated himself with similar harshness."

This kind of witticism naturally loses most of its sparkle in translation, yet it is nevertheless true that here we have a form of news report that could rightly be considered the forerunner of similar notices in both the "New Yorker" and



FIG. 7. — PIERRE BONNARD. — The Life of the Painter; the "Revue Blanche" (Félix Fénéon, Régnier, Mirbeau, the Natanson brothers), drawing. — Present whereabouts unknown.

"Time" magazine. One is almost tempted to believe that Fénéon made up these events for the sake of his neat little quips, but the facts disprove this. Indeed, Fénéon's column was soon discontinued: too much pride was hurt when people found *their* local crimes reduced to three lines. They suffered at seeing the lurid exploits of their own folk treated without the shivering awe to which they were fully entitled. Moreover, "Martin" readers felt cheated. What would "Daily News"

addicts say if their thirst for blood, knives, pistols, arson, slashed throats, assaults, poison, suicide and similar diversion were served the tactless condensations of a Fénéon?

Leaving "Le Matin," Fénéon entered in 1906 the rapidly expanding art gallery of Bernheim-Jeune in Paris. From now on, for almost twenty years, he was to devote himself solely to art, to his painter friends in particular. The Bernheims already had contracts with Bonnard and Vuillard, which assured them of the painters' major works. To their paintings Fénéon added sculptures by Maillo, then still a beginner, and successively built up a stock of works by Cézanne, van Gogh, Picasso, the *douanier* Rousseau, Lautrec, Matisse, Signac, Utrillo, Modigliani and, of course, Seurat.

Fénéon liked to say: "We should hurry with our love for new works of art; once they have received 'advancement' and are considered *masterpieces*, they no longer arouse real love but only respect."¹² Nobody lived up to this maxim better than himself. At Bernheim-Jeune's he bought fauve canvases while they were being painted — long before they became fashionable; he bought paintings when they were hardly dry and without waiting for their makers to achieve fame. It was *his* business to help them achieve fame. As a critic and as an editor he had promoted art, now, as director of a gallery, he could do even more, he could help artists earn their daily bread.

12. F. F., *Sur Seurat*, in: *Bulletin de la Vie Artistique*, Nov. 15, 1926.

Sometimes, of course, his superiors disagreed with Fénéon's selections. He remained undisturbed, calmly remarking that he hated to force anything on them and preferred to keep the debated work for himself. (After the death of Henri-Edmond Cross, for instance, the Bernheims declined to acquire the contents of his studio, whereupon Fénéon decided to buy them.) Many a time, his wife once told me, she saw him come home with a canvas under his arm and heard him announce: "Fanny, my dear, we will have to get along on a smaller budget for a while. I couldn't resist buying this painting." Although she was often enough in despair, for his salary was insufficient even without these extravagances, she never found the courage to object when she saw the fond pride with which he exhibited his latest acquisition. Through the years Fénéon's private collection thus increased steadily, crept along every inch of wall space. Could it be said that this was not altogether his own doing?

Francis de Miomandre, a young writer who spent one year at Bernheim-Jeune's as Fénéon's secretary, later recalled that "he taught me to *read* a canvas (like certain Oriental texts) in all directions. He taught me the inestimable value of concentration, the virtue of ellipsis, an utter horror of all that, even imperceptibly, bears the mark of superficiality or vulgarity, of facility or conventionality. Above all he showed me what an intellectual spectacle a man such as he presents: at the same time calm and passionate, nonchalant and painstaking, sceptical and enthusiastic, positive and bursting with inner lyricism. I still see him and I hear his impassioned voice pronouncing the newest theories for the instruction of the visitors."¹³

Fénéon would, for instance, condense into a few sentences the entire development of XIX Century art: "Since Delacroix," he explained, a "formidable effort has been made to achieve complete knowledge of what may be called the raw material of painting: chromatic orchestration of Delacroix; stabilization of volumes in black and white of Courbet; attempt to synthesize these two factors by Cézanne; luminous recomposition by the Impressionists: Pissarro, Renoir, Monet; introduction of determination in the conduct of these elements by Seurat, Cross, and Signac; harmonic modulations of Bonnard and Vuillard; sensitive affinities and cadences of Matisse."¹⁴

The things Fénéon said more often than not completely baffled his audience. If a client with academic tastes objected that some canvas by Signac, Vuillard, Bonnard or Matisse did not look *finished*, Fénéon might reply: "At what moment is a picture finished? That is an insoluble question. Hours and brush strokes are accumulated on a rectangle of canvas — it is quite possible to add more, and into eternity. What matters, and it is verifiable, is that the picture has been begun, that

13. F. DE MIOMANDRE, *Vingt Ans Après*, in: "Bulletin de la Vie Artistique," Feb. 15, 1926.

14. F. FÉNEON AND R. DELANGE, *Dialogue sur l'Eau*, in: "Cahier d'Aujourd'hui," Sept. 1921.

is, that its execution has been motivated by a problem of form and color, a problem clear and pertaining to it. In this sense, how many pictures that are finished in appearance have never been begun!"¹⁵

In general, however, Fénéon shunned explanations and preferred to keep his opinion to himself. The more he liked a work of art, the less he was apt to say about it, jealously hiding his feelings as if the expression of them might conflict with its beauty. Often, customers were shown painting after painting, slowly and in a dead silence; or he would put a requested work before them and leave the room. His replies to questions were yes and no, unless they provided factual information such as when and where the painting had been done. Occasionally he would show a canvas upside down, explaining: "The pictorial quality is independent of the object's situation in space." He never urged anybody to buy; he never showed anything in which he did not believe. Being the middleman between artist and collector, he sided with the artist, not with the customer; he even went so far as to treat the prospective buyer with polite contempt. Yet, in spite of his strange manners — perhaps because of them, who knows? — people gained confidence in his judgment, asked for his advice and bought.

Fénéon's successful efforts to promote young art naturally aroused the anger and jealousy of reactionary critics who accused him of "corrupting the spirit of contemporary youth by a cowardly dilettantism." The attacks against him were led by a sad little man, Camille Mauclair, once a member of Mallarmé's circle, who had written himself into the position of art critic at the influential "Mercure de

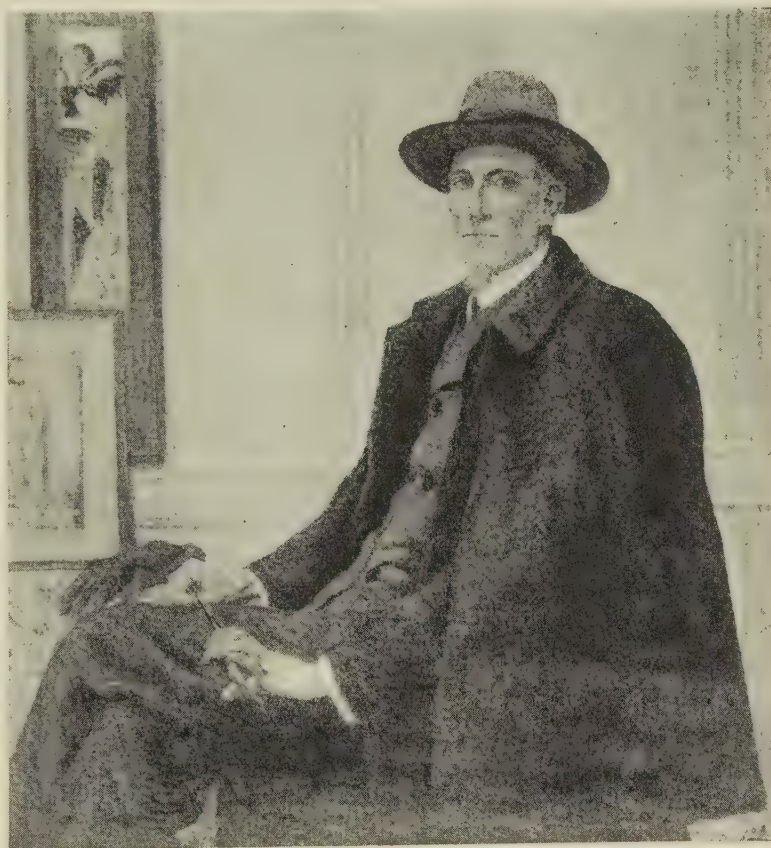


FIG. 8. — MAXIMILIEN LUCE. — Portrait of Félix Fénéon, painting, 1903. — Formerly Félix Fénéon Collection.

¹⁵. Quoted by PAULHAN, *Op. cit.*, p. 51.

France." A limited mind with an elegant pen, he could write about anything without saying much; and when he really had to say something, the result often was distressing. He had consistently published pretentious reviews in the "Mercure," attacking all the great contemporary painters. In néo-impressionism he had seen a *trifling technique*, he had referred to Gauguin's art as *colonial*, he had spoken of the *gangsterism* of Lautrec, had treated Pissarro with pity, poured out his scorn for Cézanne. But no sooner were these artists dead and had won recognition, then he added his unscrupulous voice to the general admiration.¹⁶ In one case only, it must be admitted, he remained faithful to his convictions: he continued and still continues to see in Cézanne a poor provincial artist whose laudable intentions, alas, were checked by his insufficient talent. As if this were not enough, Mauclair gradually added to his line a rabble-rousing chauvinism (his own patriotism consisted in attacking every living French genius). Since each time he had been wrong, Fénéon had been right, it is little wonder that Fénéon should have become the target for Mauclair's defensive maneuvers and acid rancor. "Subtle perverter," Mauclair called him, and "decomposing agent against reason and taste. His sly humor took great pleasure in getting from simpletons exorbitant prices for daubs. Fénéon had too much taste not to appreciate the inanity of these works, but he enjoyed draining money from the bourgeois whom his dandyism execrated but whom he won over by his gentle, ironical courtesy."¹⁷

When I showed Fénéon these lines (written in the past tense as if he no longer existed), he smiled. And when I told him of my intention to contrast in an article Mauclair's opinions published while the artists were alive, and relatively unknown, with those expressed in the days of their posthumous fame, he shrugged his shoulders and merely asked: "Do you really think it worth your while?" Today I bitterly regret having taken this hint, for during the Occupation, Mauclair, whose age must be close to that of the *Maréchal*, actively supported Vichy and successfully introduced anti-Semitism into his expert approach to art. He was condemned to "national unworthiness" after the Liberation of France.

16. Two examples chosen at random will suffice. In May 1896, CAMILLE MAUCLAIR wrote in the "Mercure de France" apropos Gauguin: "It is Papuan art, repugnant in its vulgarity and gaudy violence." In 1919 he said about the same painter: "Paul Gauguin was a great and authentic colorist, misunderstood, unhappy. . . . From Tahiti where he had gone to live and die, he sent several series of paintings in a superb, decorative style, of an absolute original chromatic flavor, of an incontestable science of composition." (*L'Art Indépendant Français*, p. 28).

In 1896 he wrote on Pissarro ("Mercure de France," June): "The series of impressions by M. Camille Pissarro seem conscientiously mediocre, patiently indifferent, respectably unoriginal. . . . on which I do not want to insist, as much with respect for the studious and after all very honorable life of M. Pissarro as because I do not wish to repeat *ad nauseam* what I have written here on Impressionism and its complete lack of esthetic value." One year after the painter's death he wrote that Pissarro's works "show high qualities of sincere observation. . . . gave evidence of a rare vision and knowledge. . . . are of an intense truth." And he added: "One is surprised to see what discussions this peaceful art, except of truculence and extravagance, once brought forth" (*L'Impressionnisme*, Paris, 1904, p. 148). After this one will not be surprised to learn that in 1930 MAUCLAIR boasted of having been with the avant-garde of those who defended the impressionists.

17. C. MAUCLAIR, *Les Métèques Contre L'Art Français*, Paris, 1930, p. 120.



FIG. 9. — THEO VAN RYSSELBERGHE. — *The Reading, Verhaeren and his Friends*. (Standing, left to right: Félix Fénéon and Henri Ghéon; sitting: Felix Le Dantec, Emile Verhaeren, Francis Vielé-Griffin, Henri-Edmond Cross, André Gide and Maurice Maeterlinck), painting, 1903. — Museum of Ghent, Belgium.

Of course, no such attacks could influence Fénéon's conduct, nor did they affect his success. When he retired from the Bernheim-Jeune gallery in 1924, it was one of the most flourishing establishments in France; it had a world reputation. While still in the employ of these dealers, Fénéon, though reluctant to take up the pen himself, had felt unable to resist the appeal of printer's ink. From 1920 to 1922 he had been director of the Editions de la Sirène, which published notably works by James Joyce and Stevenson. From 1920 also, until 1926, he had edited for the Bernheim-Jeune gallery the "*Bulletin de la Vie Artistique*," a small monthly remembered for its valuable and precise documentary articles, its interviews with artists, collectors, etc. (some of them signed F. F.), its struggle against fakes which began to invade the American market and, last but not least, by the obituary Fénéon wrote for its last issue: "... What is sadder than these reviews which fanatically persist throughout a century? ... With its fourteen short volumes complete, fitting precisely into the period between the death of Renoir and that of Monet, the

'Bulletin' will remain within hand's reach in the libraries of art lovers. Twelve inches of shelf will suffice. To have sought more space would have been impertinent."¹⁸

Occasionally, Fénéon had edited auction catalogues, such as that of Mirbeau's Collection, which was sold in 1919 after the latter's death. Fénéon did not sign such work, but the descriptive notices with which he accompanied the various items will probably remain forever models of their kind. Once again they attest his outstanding ability to seize in a few words the essence of a work of art. To a description of an *Interior* by Vuillard, for instance, he appended the following lines: "The frame encloses enough intensified elements and enough inventions of relationships to enrich ten pictures or a large mural decoration. Oriental rugs alone contain so many brilliant ideas and balance them within a scanty space."¹⁹

Once he had retired, Fénéon apparently promised himself never to write another line, even though this decision obliged him to sell some of his pictures, among them Seurat's *Baignade* which was acquired for the Tate Gallery in London. But Fénéon did not remain idle. He devoted ten years — if not more — to assembling a complete catalogue of Seurat's work. The major data for this catalogue had been given in his strange obituary on his friend, published in 1891. There he had written: "On March 29 died, at the age of thirty-one, Seurat, who exhibited: at the 'Salon' in 1883; at the 'Groupe des Artistes Indépendants' in 1884; at the 'Société des Artistes Indépendants' in 1884-85, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891; at the 'Impressionists,' rue Laffite, in 1886; in New York in 1885-86; at the 'XX,' Brussels, in 1887, 1889 and 1891; at the 'Blanc et Noir,' Amsterdam, in 1888. The catalogue of his works would include about 170 small wooden panels, 420 drawings, six notebooks of rough sketches and sixty or so canvases (figures, marines, landscapes) among them five several meters square (*Une Baignade, La Grande Jatte, Poseuses, Chahut, Cirque*) and, in all likelihood, many a masterpiece."²⁰

With infinite patience Fénéon traced every painting, every sketch, every drawing back through the almost half-century since they had been done, listed the successive owners, the exhibitions where they had been shown, the publications in which they had been illustrated or mentioned, compiled auction catalogues, verified measurements, condensed to dates and numbers the story of Seurat's works. He did so, he explained, to "assist" a French dealer, César M. de Hauke, in his efforts to issue such a catalogue, and refused to be named as author or even co-author. But all the files I have seen bore their precious information in Fénéon's elegant hand.

18. F. F., *A nos Lecteurs*, in: *Bulletin de la Vie Artistique*, Dec. 15, 1926.

19. Unsigned Catalogue: *Vente de la Collection Octave Mirbeau*, Paris, Feb. 24, 1919.

20. Unsigned note in: *Entretiens Politiques et Littéraires*, 1891, Vol. II, No. 13.

Reluctant to talk about himself, Fénéon refused a prominent French publisher's request for his *mémoires*, *mémoires* which would have been of inestimable value. He opposed the reprinting of his historical pamphlet, *Les Impressionnistes en 1886*, and when an old friend asked him for permission to make a collection of his three-line news stories in "Le Matin," he even became angry (it was the only time, this friend told me, he had ever seen Fénéon lose his temper). He seemed moved by an almost grim determination not to revive the past, at least not as far as he himself was concerned. Yet, his love for precision sometimes compelled him to touch upon his activities in years gone by, especially when the few whom he admitted to intimacy needed his help for their own research. When I once asked him about the editors of "La Vogue," where his first art criticisms had appeared, he replied: "Publisher, Georges Chevrier, who has not left any literary traces; editor-in-chief, Félix Fénéon, who wishes to leave none either."

So great was his desire to efface all traces of his own person, that he returned to his correspondents, or to their descendants, the letters he had received from them throughout the years. The autograph documents he gave me, he explained, were those which had previously escaped his attention. And his widow wrote me that, before his death, he destroyed whatever private papers were left, including rhymed inscriptions with which, at the instance of Mallarmé, he had adorned some envelopes to his wife. He applied the word self-effacing in its most literal sense. It was pathetic and yet admirable to witness his efforts not to leave behind anything except admiration in the hearts of those whom he had known and liked. Perhaps he would have wanted to destroy this admiration, too, if he had only known how.

"It is absurd," he often said, "to be still alive at seventy-eight," but he could not help pushing this absurdity to the age of eighty-two. However the burden of years could not dampen his intelligence, nor in any way lessen his curiosity about all that was new. A serious operation in 1938, which he miraculously survived, almost against his own will, kept him from leaving his room during his last years, at a time when he had already renounced going out. He suffered terribly from his weakened condition, both mentally and physically, but even his dear old Fanny was often unable to tell whether his obliging smile hid pain or reflected real pleasure. In his apartment, avenue de l'Opéra, later in southern France and finally in a sanatorium near Paris, he lived with his pictures and his books. Less and less frequently he was visited by friends; many were dead, others were too old and the younger had fled the Nazis or were in hiding.

I doubt whether, in his retirement, Fénéon's thoughts dwelt much upon his own past. Interest in it, which he seldom tolerated in others, he could hardly have felt himself. His life was finished because he wanted it so. He had lived always as he had pleased, had done exactly what he wished, had preserved in all circumstances the one thing he cherished most: freedom of spirit and of action. He had,

in his discreet way, helped ideas to take shape, movements to develop, men to achieve their high purposes. He never had asked for himself anything but the privilege to stand for that in which he believed. Yet, not once, toward the close of his life, did he show any satisfaction about what he had done. It was as if his rôle had merely been assigned to him, as if his conduct had been a matter of course, as if anybody else would have behaved similarly. Modesty seems somehow an insufficient term to describe his attitude; modesty may express uncertainty or lack of self-confidence. Fénéon knew his own stature but — incapable of pride — measured it against the creative accomplishments of his great friends and against all the things which still remained to be done. In spite of Emile Henry's dynamite and of his own condemning irony and weighed praise, the world still is not safe for young talents, nor for old ones, for that matter. It still needs, more than anything else, men who promote wisdom and daring, instead of promoting themselves.

One of Fénéon's last concerns before the outbreak of the war was the disposal of his collection, still considerable even after occasional sales. At one time he planned to leave it to the Soviet Union, partly in recognition of its efforts, especially at Munich, partly in defiance of French museum authorities who had never bought a single work by Seurat (his *Cirque* was bequeathed to the Louvre by the American John Quinn, after the Metropolitan Museum of New York had rejected it). I tried to convince him that, in doing so, he would punish the French people for the incapacity of its administration, that the French people would remain while the administration might change, possibly for the better. I asked him not to deprive this people of a part of its cultural heritage which might appear irrelevant in Moscow. He promised to reconsider his decision. The French defeat changed all his plans. Before he died in the spring of 1944, at a time when a gift to Russia had become impossible from Occupied France, Fénéon dispersed at an auction some of the pictures which he had bought and loved "while they were still new." This sale netted several million francs. What was left after the recent death of his dear old Fanny is to be used, according to her will, for setting up two prizes, one to go yearly to an author, the other to a painter.²¹ The rewards will bear the name of Félix Fénéon. In this way she wished to perpetuate the memory of the man who so ardently longed to be forgotten. I cannot help but feel some apprehension concerning the jury to be appointed for these prizes. How many are there, in every century, who always unerringly select among their contemporaries the great men of the future, as did Fénéon?

JOHN REWALD.

21. Mrs. Fénéon left all her belongings to the University of Paris, trustee of these prizes, which sold the rest of the Fénéon Collection at four auctions in the Spring of 1947. The first sale included minor paintings and drawings; the second all the important works (the Louvre acquired three small panels of *Poseuses* and three drawings by Seurat); the third sale was of African sculpture; the last comprised odd prints and sketches.

B I B L I O G R A P H Y

JOSÉ PIJOÁN. — *Historia del Arte*. — Barcelona, Salvat Editores, S. A., 1946, third edition, vol. I, 534 pp.

PIJOÁN's *Historia del Arte*, the first edition of which appeared in 1914, is known to the American public by the two English editions printed in the United States. In the Spanish-speaking countries, it has helped a large number of students in beginners' courses in the history of art. Like any other handbook, it may have its shortcomings from the specialist's point of view. However, it has succeeded in conveying to the beginner its author's warm enthusiasm for the work of art. On the other hand, it has provided its readers with a very readable outline of art-history as well as with a useful initial bibliography on each particular period.

The text of the new edition has been rejuvenated — in PIJOÁN's own words — by means of additions as well as suppressions. Among the additions, one should mention the chapter on Pre-Colombian American art which closes this first volume; it gives evidence of the thorough study of the subject conducted by PIJOÁN for the preparation of Volume X of his *Summa Artis* recently published.

The publishers have done a remarkable job. The reproductions in the volume we are discussing number over eight hundred and fifty, and all of them are of good quality; the typographical arrangement of the page is pleasant, and the excellent paper is agreeable to the eye. It is to be hoped that the two forthcoming volumes will equal this one.

JOSÉ LÓPEZ-REY.

H. KAMENKA. — *Flats, Modern Developments in Apartment House Construction*. — London, Crosby Lockwood & Son, Ltd., 1947, 7½ x 10, 144 pp. Price: 15/— (\$4.50).

Because of the fresh and critical viewpoint gained by it, it is good now and then to look at ourselves through others' eyes, which is exactly what one gets from MR. KAMENKA's book, *Flats, Modern Developments in Apartment House Construction*, recently published in London,

and written primarily for British readers. One is taken aback at the realization that so many millions of Americans live in huge beehive-like apartment houses; and even big city dwellers must be mildly surprised at what a multiplicity of appliances Americans have come to regard as everyday standard equipment, but which are still scarce, if not unheard of, in other parts of the world.

The author is an architect now residing and practicing in New York City, which might account for the fact that the book deals so heavily with examples in this country. Yet since MR. KAMENKA also has designed "flats," as he calls them, in France and England, it is probably nearer the truth to assume that his preoccupation with American apartment houses is due primarily to the more prolific output of buildings of this type here than in the other countries in recent years — eliminating the war period for all of them. Such an accelerated building program as ours has lent itself to rapid changes, and MR. KAMENKA touches upon just about every material and social aspect of his subject, stopping short of technical details which most readers would find tedious.

Beginning in a somewhat apologetic vein that such a large percentage of people — especially Britishers — must reside in apartments, instead of in the more ideal private house with garden (a sentiment to which he returns more than once), MR. KAMENKA launches into a brief historical account of the rise, and the reasons for, the large city, which inevitably caused the multiple-family dwelling to come into existence. In conjunction with a descriptive sketch of the three key cities — London, Paris and New York — excerpts are cited from certain outstanding building codes passed in each of them, governing the size and to some degree the shape of buildings, important factors in determining the direction that the trend has taken. The apartment house is discussed as form, and also the architectural treatment of that form; and the interior arrangement is analyzed at length — the position of the individual apartments in

relation to one another, the plan of each unit, and the various functions properly allocated to specific floor levels.

Most people living in apartments are aware of the objections to the aggregate existence mentioned by Mr. KAMENKA, "noise" and the "barracks-like appearance" of buildings perhaps heading the list. But these same romantics are not always so prone to admit the benefits and advantages that allow them more freedom of time, compensating somewhat for the spatial limitations of their quarters. One is reminded of the advantages in the chapter on *Amenities*, which are classified under (1) *Communal Amenities*, or certain conveniences such as restaurants and shops located in apartment buildings, and also nurseries where small children may be cared for while their mothers are shopping or are otherwise engaged, and park and playground facilities incorporated in the landscaping; and (2) *House Services* providing within the apartment the comforts and services usually associated with hotels. Home owners who must look after such things individually are the people who can best appreciate the value of advantages like these. Of course there are better and worse apartment buildings, just as there are better and worse private homes, but the facilities mentioned are those that characterize the modern apartment as modern.

The cultural benefits that one is able to get from being in a big city are considerable (libraries, museums, theatres, music halls, etc.); and in order to get the most out of these benefits, one must either live in one of the massive piles of which the city is composed, or else commute from far or farther distances, involving a proportional loss of time in transit. A person must decide the matter for himself: either he lives *en masse*, or he travels *en masse*. Due to the tendency toward suburban housing projects of late years, it looks as if more and more people will have to resort to both. Transportation, therefore, must keep abreast of housing, by making travel speedier and more comfortable for the commuters, besides expanding their systems in order to accommodate greater numbers of persons, particularly during rush hours.

For most families the dream house in the country is out of the question in every respect. Today, when there are more families in which all adult members are either holding positions or studying, and there is no one to take care of the house—the personal-servant "problem" recently having practically solved itself through extinction—it is essential that a place be provided which requires a minimum of upkeep, and at the same time provides recreational and dining facilities on the premises. Under such circumstances families remain small. As Mr. KAMENKA points out, the size of the majority of the newer flat units encourages this, seldom including more than one or two bedrooms, the reason being that an owner nets greater returns from two- or three-room apartments than from fewer, larger apartments occupying the same amount of space.

The apartment house norm has undergone considerable changes during the last twenty years, or since Mr. KAMENKA was building number 83, Quai d'Orsay, Paris, with its modified Louis XIV façade, reinforced concrete frame, and a single apartment on each floor

covering some 3,500 square feet. A decade later an apartment house by Mr. KAMENKA at 7 Avenue Vion-Whitcomb, Paris, had an unornamented façade with set-back upper stories, and two apartments to each floor, of less area per level than that of the earlier building. His work in London a few years later shows a use of restrained classic décor, which he has continued to employ in America, an interpretation of Louis XVI or English Regency styles that have been simplified to suit contemporary American taste.

There have been few books having to do with apartment buildings written since 1940, and the majority of these have dealt primarily with low-income housing. Of the books in English prior to the Forties, the two most interesting ones were H. INGHAM ASHWORTH's *Flats, Design and Equipment*, 1936, and F. R. S. YORKE AND FREDERICK GIBBERD's *The Modern Flat*, 1937. Like the current volume about *Flats*, the aforementioned books were printed in England. The first one was a detailed study stressing equipment, and the second a thoroughly artistic production dealing with the latest (1927-1937) developments in every country in Europe. The text, however, was brief. Mr. KAMENKA has not only brought the subject up to date through a selection of new examples, but he has also brought it to America. And he has hit a balance between illustrations and text, the latter satisfying the inquisitive reader without overburdening him with excessive technicalities and statistics.

CLAY LANCASTER.

PAUL ELUARD.—*Pablo Picasso* (Translated by JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY).—New York, Philosophical Library, 1947, 168 pp., ill.

This book is a faithful English translation of PAUL ELUARD's *A Pablo Picasso*, published in 1945 as the first volume in the series "*Les Grands Peintres par leurs Amis*." The French edition, printed in Geneva for the publishing house "Trois Collines," was a very fine one. The original title, *A Pablo Picasso*, taken from that of two of the poems included, conveyed the sense of "dedication" that ELUARD's prose and poetry have; the text is, indeed, a genuine expression of admiration for the artist who, in the author's words, holds "in his hand the fragile key to the problem of reality."

On the cover of the present edition, however, the title reads: *Picasso. His Inner Life*, while in the title-page it is just: *Pablo Picasso*. What the reason for those changes may have been remains, of course, a matter of conjecture. Certainly, the title on the cover will probably have a wider appeal, though some readers may be disappointed at not finding any revelation of the kind they may have expected. Instead, they will find a tribute as fine and fervid as any painter has ever had from a poet.

Mr. SHIPLEY's translation of both the prose and the poetry sections is most accurate. The present edition follows, from page 17 on, the arrangement of the Swiss one. Likewise, the over one hundred Picasso works reproduced are, with one exception, the same which illustrated the original French text, though, unfortunately, they are less neatly printed.

JOSÉ LÓPEZ-REY.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

ILONA DEAK-EBNER (Mrs. Tage N. H. Ellinger), received her Ph.D. degree from Johns Hopkins University in 1946. Her article in this issue, on *The Sickie-Shaped Wing in Ancient Art* page 65 is a part of her thesis devoted to *Winged Human Figures in the Pre-Christian Era*, other chapters of which will eventually appear in the "Gazette." A painter and etcher herself, she had a one-man show of her work in Washington, in 1944. Her article is illustrated entirely with drawings by her own hand.

ROBERT EISLER received his Ph.D. degree from the University of Leipzig (1902) for a volume of *Studies on the Theory of Value*, and his Vienna doctorate (1905) for a work in the field of art and archeology. He was a Fellow of the Austrian Institute for Historical Research, the Austrian Archeological Institute of Athens and the Austrian Historical Institute of Rome, and the assistant chief of the League of Nations Universities' Interrelation Office (1926). He lectured for three years at the Sorbonne on the *Origins of Christianity* and the *History of the Social Problem* and was in 1938 elected Wilde Lecturer to Oxford University. He is the author of a long series of volumes and articles on ancient cosmology, on the *Orphic and Dionysian Mystery Religions and Their Influence on Early Christian Cult Symbolism*, on the *Enigma of the Fourth Gospel*, etc. To this issue he contributes a study of Luca Signorelli's "School of Pan" page 77

C. H. COLLINS BAKER, since 1932 a member of the Research Staff of the Henry E. Huntington Library and Art Gallery, San Marino, Cal., was keeper of the National Gallery, London (1914-1932), and the King's Pictures (1928-1934). He is the author of several catalogues including those of Windsor Castle, Hampton Court and the Huntington Art Gallery, of monographs on *Crome* (1921) and *Pieter de Hooch* (1925), and of books such as *Lely and the Stuart Painters* (1912), *Dutch Painting of the XVII Century* (1926), etc. His article in this issue: *The Greatness of Turner* page 93 is a slightly revised version of the lecture he delivered last year during the exhibition of British art at the Art Institute of Chicago.

JOHN REWALD is well known through his works on Impressionists and modern artists such as Cézanne, Pissarro, Gauguin, Seurat, and Maillol which have appeared both in French and English. His thesis on *Cézanne and Zola* won the "Prix Mignet," and the second edition of it was awarded the "Prix Charles Blanc" by the French Academy. His most recent comprehensive work on the *History of Impressionism* has been published by the Museum of Modern Art. The current issue contains his article on *Felix Fénéon* (II) page 107 Part one of this article appeared in the July-August 1947 issue of the "Gazette."

BIBLIOGRAPHY in this issue page 127 is by JOSE LOPEZ-REY, Professor, Institute of Fine Arts, New York University, and by CLAY LANCASTER, of the Avery Architectural Library, Columbia University.

The illustration on the cover is: Goddess with Sacral Knots.—Bead Seal from Mycenae, about 1000 B.C. (Drawing by ILONA DEAK-EBNER).

GAZETTE
DES
BEAUX-ARTS
for 89 years

THE DEAN OF ART REVIEWS

*Published in Paris from 1859 to 1939. Publication
now in its American edition continued in New York
from October 1942*

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
GEORGES WILDENSTEIN

*Subscription price for the Gazette des Beaux-Arts is
\$12.00 yearly, Single copy \$1.50, published monthly.*

19 East 64th Street, New York 21, N. Y. Telephone REgent 4-3300

140, Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris 8^e